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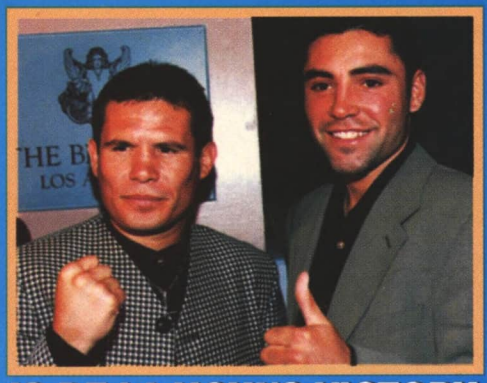

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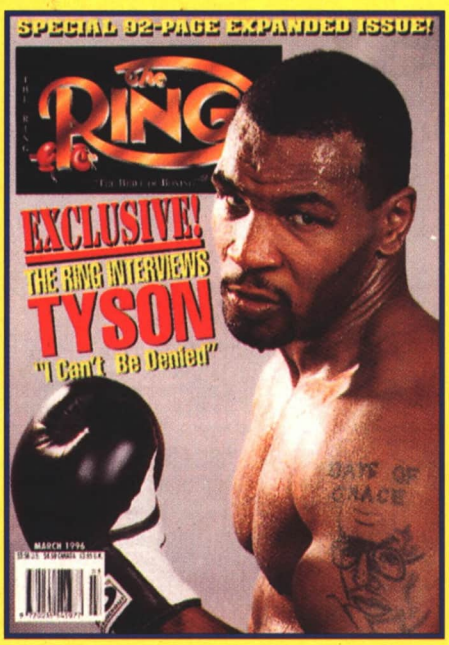

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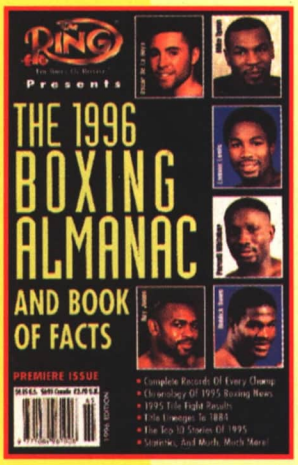

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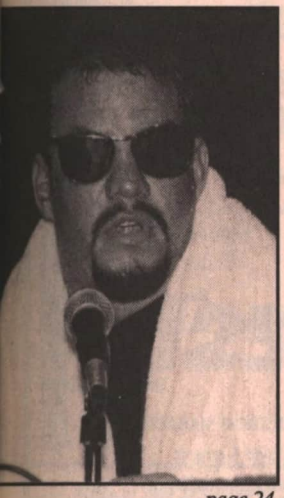

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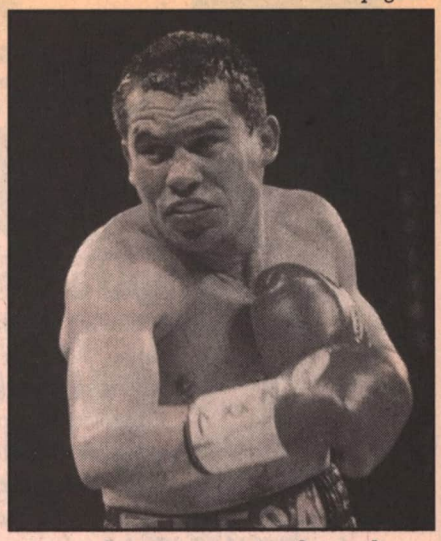

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RINGSIDE

Mike Tyson to fans: Screw you.

In essence, that's what the world's most important fighter said by choosing to skip the press conference following his third-round kayo victory over Frank Bruno. When the announcement was made, the boxing writers in attendance looked at each other vacantly, as if too shocked to speak. Postfight trips to the hospital aside, never before had the winner of a major fight failed to meet the press.

Tyson, the media was told, would appear at a press conference at 11 a.m. the following morning. He showed up two hours late.

I'm sure it's never been Tyson's intention to dump on the fans. But what he should realize is that by dumping on the press, that's exactly what he's doing. The press serves as a connection between boxing's fans and fighters. More so than in any other sport, fans look forward to press conferences following major fights for either live television reports or written accounts to be printed in the next day's newspaper. It is in the heat of the moment that boxers are most apt to come up with the hottest quotes. That's particularly true in Tyson's case. And while "Iron Mike" and his handlers may have beefs with various beat writers and columnists, they should know better than to alienate those whose support they need in more ways than one.

This may seem like an odd topic for this space, especially considering that for the last couple of years, Tyson has been relatively generous in granting access to THE RING. In fact, we've received more time than almost anyone else. When he was incarcerated in Indiana, Tyson agreed to a lengthy interview with Managing Editor Nigel Collins (Winter 1994 edition). And in December, a few days before he battled Buster Mathis Jr. in Philadelphia, Tyson engaged in a Q & A with me (March 1996 edition).

Perhaps because of his reverence for fistic tradition and history, Tyson respects "The Bible Of Boxing," which was first published in 1922. And it goes without saying that we hope for continued access to Tyson. Firstly, he remains a fascinating subject. Secondly, he's the most important fighter of his generation. And lastly, he sells.

It's not, then, sour grapes that fuels my criticism. Moreover, THE RING is a monthly, and it was the newspapermen who were on deadline, and not the magazine writers, who were affected by Tyson's no-show.

Looking at the big picture, how much of an obligation does Tyson have to the press? (Maybe a more appropriate question is whether he has any obligation at all.) It's ironic that Tyson, who can be a great interview, seems bored beyond belief at most press conferences, burying his head in his hands and all but nodding off. Regardless of his attitude toward the media, which has been shaped partly by what he perceives to be unfair coverage by the tabloids, and partly by a desire for privacy, he should never send the wrong message to the fans.

Hey, Mike, the money and the cars and the houses are nice, but if you stop and think about it, the fans are more valuable than all of that put together.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 75, No. 7 **July 1996**

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THE RING (ISSN: 0035-5410), July 1996, is published monthly, with an additional issue in December, by London Publishing Co., 7002 W. Butler Pike, Ambler, PA 19002. Second-class postage paid at Ambler, PA 19002 and additional post offices. Postmaster: Send change of address notices to: THE RING, P.O. Box 910, Ft. Washington, PA 19034. Single copy price $2.95 ($3.95 in Canada, £2.25 in U.K.). Subscription price $32.45 in the U.S., $42.85 Canada and remaining countries. Not responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited articles or photographs, which will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing the proper amount of postage.

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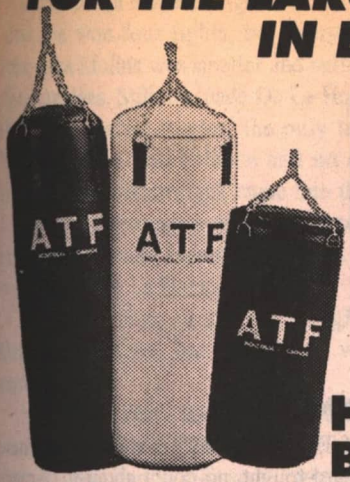

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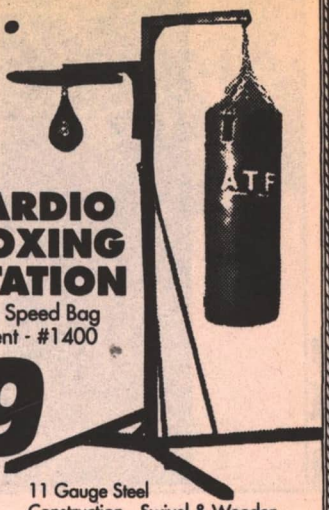

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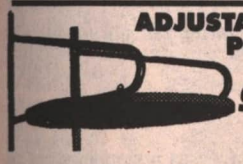

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COME OUT WRITING

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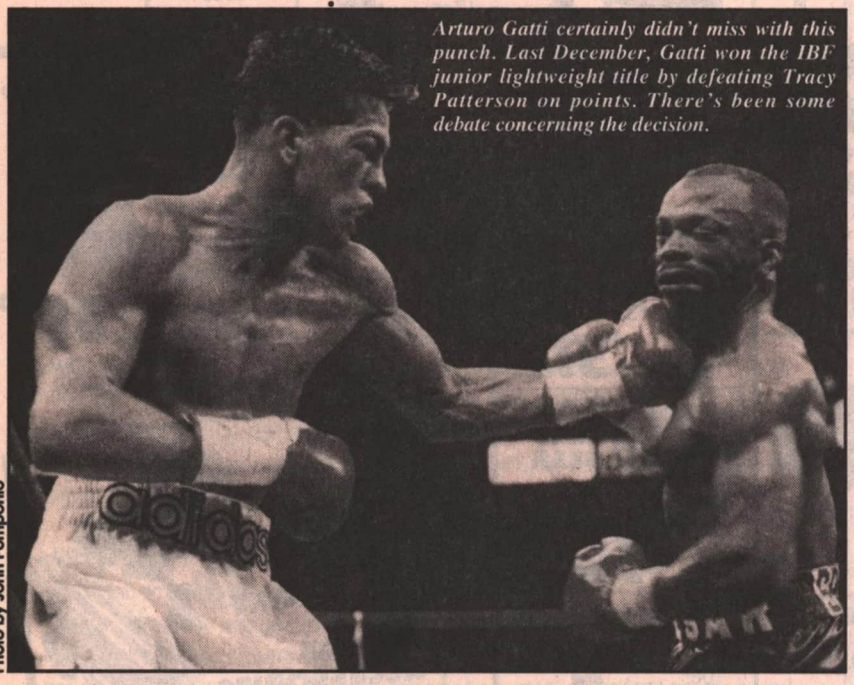
DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

I just finished looking through the April 1996 issue of THE RING, and I cannot believe Steve Farhood actually had the nerve to include Arturo Gatti's hard-fought, no-doubt-about-it 12-round win over Tracy Patterson as part of the Robberies—With Lots of Eyewitnesses section of "The Year That Was."

Two words come to mind when reading what Farhood wrote: PATHETICALLY STUPID.

Under Dumbest Comments of 1996 should be Farhood's analysis: " ... makes the busier Gatti miss for all 12 rounds." Gatti's CombuBox numbers indicated a 51 percent connect rate. Stats don't lie. If he missed for all 12 rounds, how did he land 51 percent of his punches?

RUSSELL PATANE
Gibbstown, NJ



Arturo Gatti certainly didn't miss with this punch. Last December, Gatti won the IBF junior lightweight title by defeating Tracy Patterson on points. There's been some debate concerning the decision.

Photo by John Pomponio

I have come to expect only the highest standards from THE RING, so it was disappointing to see wrong information given by none other that Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood in his fight report on the Gatti-Patterson title bout ("Ringside Reports," April 1996).

Judge Melvina Lathan scored 115-112 for Gatti, and not 113-112, as was reported. Farhood had Patterson the winner by 115-112. I find this strange given that according to CompuBox, Gatti landed 151 more punches. Farhood wrote that Gatti was rewarded for ineffective aggressiveness. Was he seeing the same fight I was watching? C'mon, Steve, I hope you were just having an off-night.

ANDRE BROWN
East Orange, NJ

[Editor's Note: Mr. Farhood apologizes for the incorrect information, but not for the way he saw the fight.]

OSCAR, PAST & PRESENT

It saddens me the way Oscar De La Hoya is using Julio Cesar Chavez as a steppingstone. A true warrior like Chavez deserves better. De La Hoya is not a bigger puncher than Edwin Rosario or a better boxer than Meldrick Taylor. Chavez took their best and stopped both of them. He never ducked anybody, and if he was still in his prime, there's no way De La Hoya would've as much as talked about the fight.

I'm still hoping Chavez knocks De La Hoya on his stinking butt. If that doesn't happen ... Oscar, I'll never forgive you.

ANGEL MUSA
Kansas City, MO

Oscar De La Hoya as Fighter of the Year? What a load of bull. Yeah, he won four fights, but every performance was flawed. John-John Molina was smaller and suffered from height and reach disadvantages. Still, he made De La Hoya look like an amateur on the inside. Rafael Ruelas, the only true lightweight on De La Hoya's list, had no balance and no chin. Genaro Hernandez, another *junior* lightweight, came into the bout with a nose injury. Last of the sacrificial lambs was Jesse James Leija, who was a much smaller man (sound familiar?). He looked like a midget compared to De La Hoya.

For De La Hoya, a true test at lightweight would have been Orzubek Nazarov, but not a peep was mentioned of such a matchup.

Now De La Hoya has moved up to 140 pounds. He'll beat 33-year-old Julio Cesar Chavez, and the press will eat it up. Why not fight a young lion like Kostya Tszyu? No way the Fighter of the Year would do that.

ALEX VIGIL
Oceanside, CA

BIG DUCK

I am deeply disappointed by the failure of the much-anticipated Riddick Bowe-Lennox Lewis fight to materialize. Lewis has been trying to get Bowe into the ring for as long as I can remember, but all he gets in return are insults and abuse.

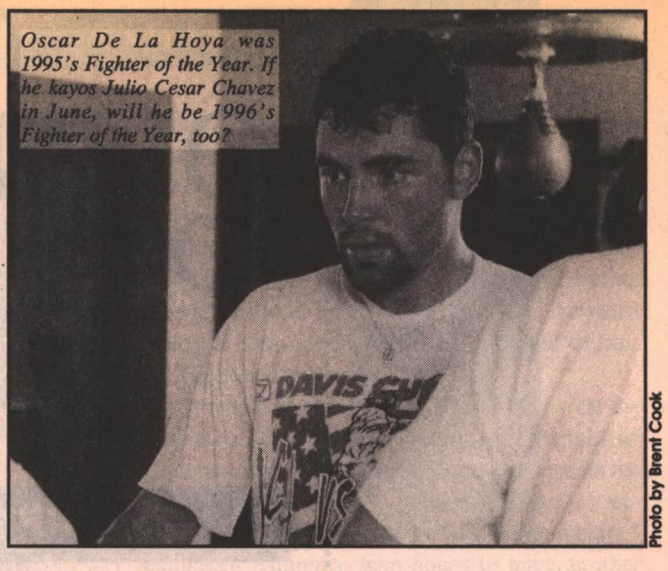
If Bowe wants to prove he's a better fighter than Lewis, he has to get into the ring instead of shooting off his mouth. The latest round of ducking by Bowe and manager Rock Newman is in the form of a lawsuit against Time Warner. With that in mind, I suggest "Big Daddy" change his nickname to "Big Duck."

ADEL KAHN
Queens, NY

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

In view of what used to be a sport that brought true meaning to the words fire and ferocity, fight fans across the world have begun to witness an era of hype and excuses. It's no wonder a handful of ring veterans from 10 or 20 years back can suddenly jump in the ring and conquer the young fighters of today. If Mike Tyson were the immortal combatant the experts think he is, he would have kept his first date with Buster Mathis Jr. and fought with an injured thumb.

Despite boxing with a painful arm injury that hampered his movement, Larry Holmes gutted it out to win the WBC heavyweight title from Ken Norton. Are today's fighters as tough as those from the past?



Oscar De La Hoya was 1995's Fighter of the Year. If he kayos Julio Cesar Chavez in June, will he be 1996's Fighter of the Year, too?

Photo by Brent Cook

For years boxing was a game of blood and guts, with men who were willing to die for the thrill of victory. Philadelphia's beloved Joe Frazier, boxing with a busted thumb, showed no mercy when America was counting on him to win the gold at the 1964 Olympics. I don't recall watching a young Larry Holmes, who suffered a serious arm injury, cop out before his epic encounter with Ken Norton. Nor did Rocky Marciano ever cry to his hometown of Brockton, Massachusetts, when he had to get out of bed with the flu to keep his scheduled bout with tough Lee Savold.

Fighters today just don't roar like the lions of yesterday.

SASHA SAIBI
San Francisco, CA

MOVED BY MORRISON

I have read with a mixture of sadness and admiration the account of Tommy Morrison's emotional and soul-bearing press conference during which he announced that he had tested HIV positive. It was impossible not to be moved by his words.

As a public relations professional who is confronted with crisis management situations, I applaud Morrison's courage and brutal honesty, as well as his taking full responsibility for the reckless lifestyle that led to this tragedy. He's right—he's no role model. But in confronting the issue so candidly and pointing the finger of blame directly at himself, he has gained a level of respect that always seemed to elude him in the ring.

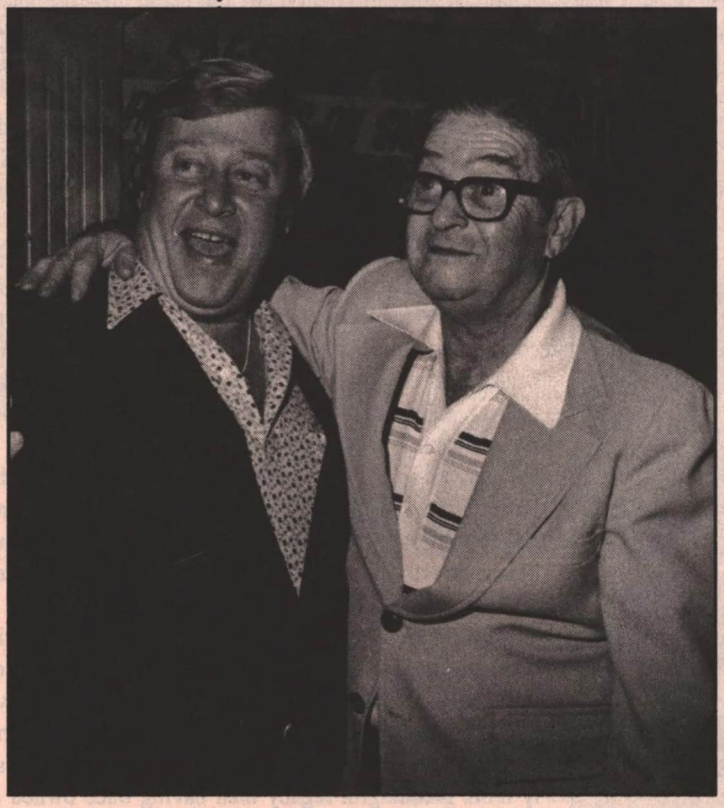
Most of all, I applaud Morrison for using the worldwide stage to urge all state boxing commissions to institute immediate and mandatory HIV-testing for all boxers. Should sanity prevail and the tests are mandated across the country as a result of Morrison's fervent plea, his legacy will be secured. And it would be a significantly more meaningful legacy than having once owned one of the countless, fraudulent championship belts of the mess that is boxing.

FRANK J. KEEL
Bala Cynwyd, PA ■

ROUND ONE

MURRAY GOODMAN, 1913-1996

Author, publicist, and man-about-boxing Murray Goodman, who on March 8 died at age 82 of an apparent heart attack in his hometown of Toms River, New Jersey, was a man from a different era. For years, Goodman promised he'd write the definitive bio on his former employer, Don King. But Murray, who authored 17 books, never dusted off his typewriter. "I was always paid by the man," he explained, "so I'm not gonna rat on him."



Bobby and Murray Goodman circa 1975

Goodman was one of the grand old men of the game. In a letter of condolence to Murray's son, veteran matchmaker and promoter Bobby Goodman, Muhammad Ali wrote, "[Murray] has taught me that success is not measured by how well you fulfill the expectations of others, but how honestly I lived up to my own expectations."

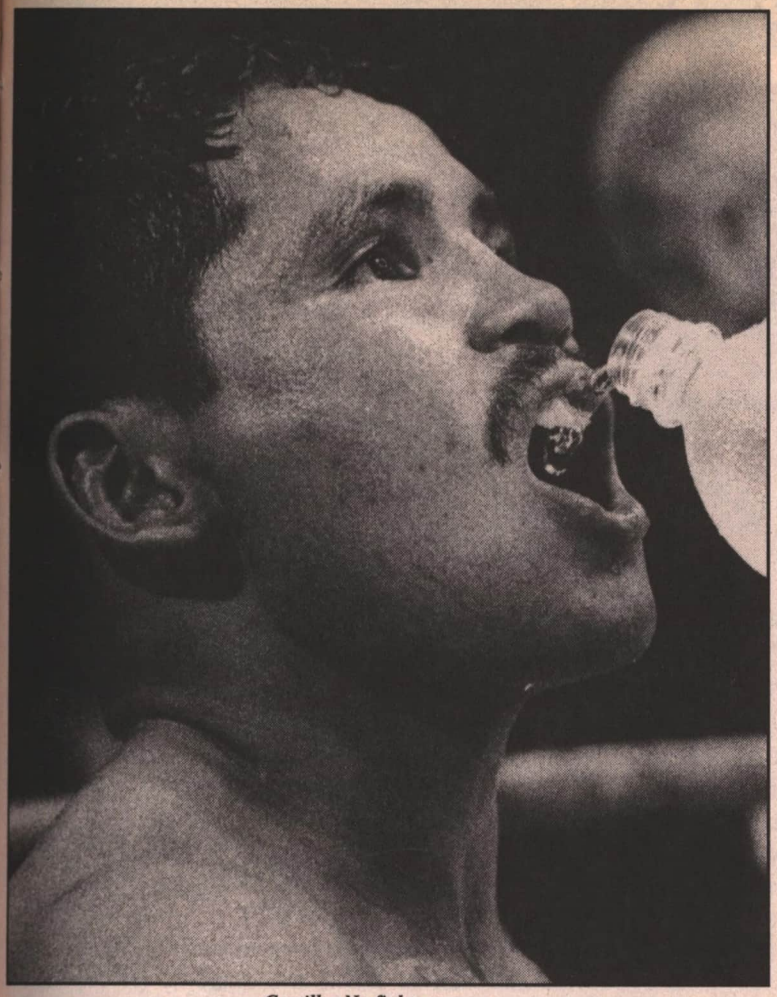
Goodman was born in Pretricov, Russia. At age 17, he received a degree in journalism from New York University. He covered the Joe Louis-Jim Braddock heavyweight title fight in 1937, and in subsequent years, his byline frequently appeared in THE RING. Among his duties in a rich 61-year career: sports editor for the Hearst News Service; manager of Al Schact, "The Clown Prince Of Baseball"; publicist for Madison Square Garden Boxing, Yonkers Raceway, the International Boxing Club, the New York Titans of the American Football League, and Don King Productions; and creator of the prestigious Hickok Belt award for professional athlete of the year.

In 1969, Goodman won the Boxing Writers Association of America's James J. Walker Award for long and meritorious service to boxing.

There aren't too many Murray Goodmans left in boxing, lifers who worked the camps of Marcel Cerdan, Sugar Ray Robinson, and Rocky Marciano, and were as comfortable at Madison Square Garden as in their own living rooms. Our deepest sympathies to the family of a man who was a longtime friend of both boxing and THE RING.

–Steve Farhood

SCRATCH ONE FIGHT—AND ONE GYM



Castillo: No fight, no gym

In its five-year history, East L.A.'s Brooklyn Gym was a training ground for top-notch fighters. Dark and tough, it oozed atmosphere. Julio Cesar Chavez was there on opening day. Fighters like Genaro Hernandez and Yori Boy Campas trained there regularly, and when big-time boxers came to town, more often than not they headed to the Brooklyn.

Want more names? Try Felix Trinidad, Marco Antonio Barrera, Jorge Paez, and Macho Camacho. Plus all the local kids who came in from the mean streets to learn the Sweet Science. All that's history. The doors are shut for good.

"It would have cost us $120,000 to do what the city wanted," lamented Francisco "Panchito" Espinoza, one of the owners. Turns out beneath the property were some old gasoline tanks from a long-gone service station. "That was the main problem," explained Espinoza, who hopes to open another gym in a suburb east of town.

The belly-up Brooklyn isn't Espinoza's only annoyance. He complains that featherweight sensation Naseem Hamed of Britain ducked out of a fight with his rising prospect, Arnulfo "Chico" Castillo.

"We signed two contracts with them to fight in England," said Espinoza, who manages Castillo. "They slid out of both of them. First they said Hamed hurt his hand. The second time they gave no excuse. They think Chico's too tough. Meanwhile, we lost five months training and $7,000 in expenses."

To prepare for Hamed, Castillo, who normally trained at the Brooklyn Gym, went up to the mountains of Chihuahua, Mexico. For the faceoff, Castillo, a junior featherweight, would have added four pounds for a purse of $20,000.

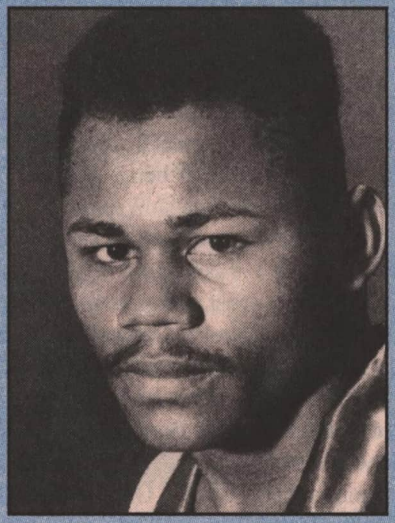
"We figured it would be worth it to get the [WBO] title, though," said Espinoza.

–Ivan G. Goldman

EAST IS A BEAST

According to the *Manila Times*, Morris East was recently confronted by a driver who thought the former WBA junior welterweight champion had pinched him of a parking spot. When East refused to back off, his accuser, who owns a bus fleet in Manila, rounded up 10 of his drivers and conductors. "East," it was reported, "took them all on and was the only man left standing."

John L. Sullivan couldn't have done it better.



East: Not to be messed with

THE 10 MOST MEMORABLE IN-THE-RING POSTFIGHT SCENES OF ALL-TIME

Don King after apologizing to Lennox Lewis' mom

10. Nigel Benn tearfully retiring, then dropping to his knees and proposing to his girlfriend following his title fight loss to Sugarboy Malinga.

9. George Foreman asking referee and casino bus boy Carlos Padilla to bring him a triple-decker, large fries, and a chocolate malt after the heavyweight's kayo of Ron Lyle.

8. Rock Newman applying a figure-four leglock to a hysterical Adrian, who rushes the ring following Riddick Bowe's last-round kayo win over Rocky Balboa.

7. Don King taking a razor blade to the Gucci handbag of Lennox Lewis' mother after the Englishman's kayo loss to Oliver McCall "just because I enjoy cutting purses."

6. Frank Fletcher grabbing the ring mike and passionately delivering the "I am not an Animal" speech from *Elephant Man* after his victory over James Green, and Green following with his rendition of Simon and Garfunkel's "I Am A Rock."

5. Hector Camacho crying on the shoulder of CBS' Tim Ryan after the announcer asked "The Macho Man" about rumors of a rematch with Edwin Rosario.

4. "Two-Ton" Tony Galento flooring heavyweight champion Joe Louis with a burp following their title fight, and then commenting, "Sorry, Joe, musta been the f_____' stick of pepperoni I ate back in the dressin' room."

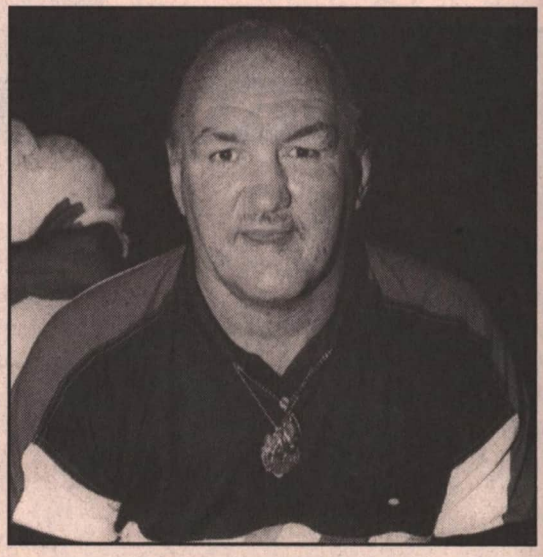
3. A cash-strapped Chuck Wepner creating a near-riot in Jersey City by auctioning off his little black book after his TKO loss to Sonny Liston.

2. A panicking WBC President Jose Sulaiman turning to the crowd and screaming, "Is there a mathematician in the house?" before handing the scorecards to ring announcer Jimmy Lennon Jr. after Frankie Randall-Julio Cesar Chavez I.

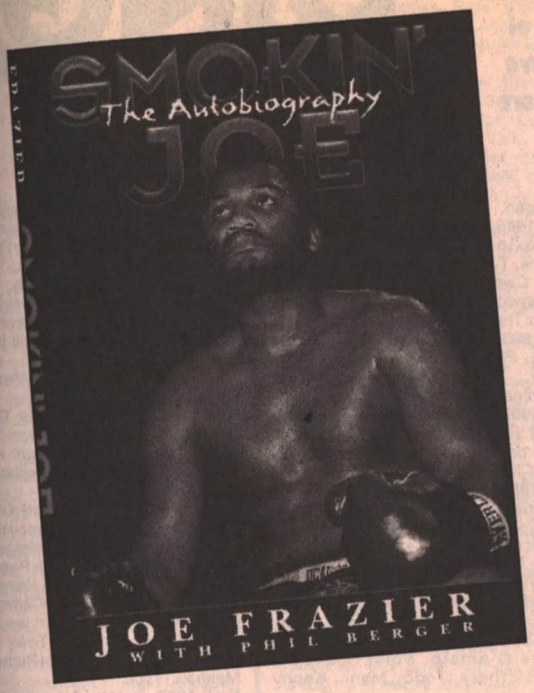
1. Showtime announcer Ferdie Pacheco asking Don King a single question after a fight card in Las Vegas, and reestablishing possession of the microphone at 8:15 the next morning.

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

We're all for nostalgia, but this is ridiculous: At a nightclub in New York City, former heavyweight title challenger **Chuck Wepner** bled after being punched by a security guard. "There was no fight," Wepner told the *New York Daily News*. "The bouncer there sucker-shot me. He hit me in the eye when I wasn't looking." Wepner pressed charges, and the bouncer was arrested on an assault charge ... After suffering a stroke, **Gregorio Benitez**, 68, died in Trujillo Alto, Puerto Rico. Benitez was the father and one-time manager and trainer of triple-crown champion **Wilfred Benitez** ... **Julie Bort**, a top welterweight in the '40s, died in Brooklyn, New York, at age 73. Bort rumbled with, among others, **Harold Green, Lulu Constantino,** and **Charley Fusari**.



Wepner: Still bleeding after all these years



When I saw Phil Berger, the co-author of *Smokin' Joe: The Autobiography Of The Former Heavyweight Champion Of The World, Smokin' Joe Frazier* (Macmillan, 256 pages, $23.95), at the Tyson-Bruno fight in Las Vegas, I told him what I thought of his new book.

"It was well-written, as I knew it would be," I began, "and I really liked the down-home tone, which fit Joe perfectly. But after I was finished with the last page, I decided I didn't like Joe very much."

Berger might not have felt the same way, but he shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "I'm certainly not going to make any excuses for him."

Later the same day, I saw Smokin' Joe himself inside the MGM Grand Garden. "I liked the book, Joe," I said. I added how well the tone suited him, but I left out the part about deciding I didn't like him very much.

Just in case Joe can still smoke.

If he can, his first task would undoubtedly be to land a few more choice hooks to the face of "that scambooger," Muhammad Ali. Frazier refers to Ali as Cassius Clay throughout the book. He describes his rival as a selfish hypocrite, and writes, "The truth is, I'd like to rumble with that sucker again—beat him up piece by piece and mail him back to Jesus."

Still just a tad bitter, Joe?

That Frazier continues to resent Ali is somewhat understandable. After all, "The Greatest" cruelly ridiculed Frazier for years. But it's inconceivable that he refuses to give Ali his due as an all-time great champion, and it's unforgivable that he relishes Ali's present condition. "He's a ghost, and I'm still here," he writes. "Let's talk about who really won those three fights."

Smokin' Joe includes some priceless anecdotes ("Every time I'd be in the same room with Oscar Bonavena, he'd tilt his chin up and start sniffing, his expression contemptuous, as if there was a foul scent in the room, as if Joe Frazier smelled like dog____."). There are also some revelations, such as the fact that Frazier has fathered six sons by six different women. But Ali dominates his autobiography just as he dominated his career. And now, just as then, Smokin' Joe doesn't seem very happy about it.

–Steve Farhood

THE PUNCHLINES

"The only good thing about *The Ring Record Book* no longer being published is that Frans Botha's name isn't in there with the real heavyweight champions."

–Top Rank matchmaker Ron Katz

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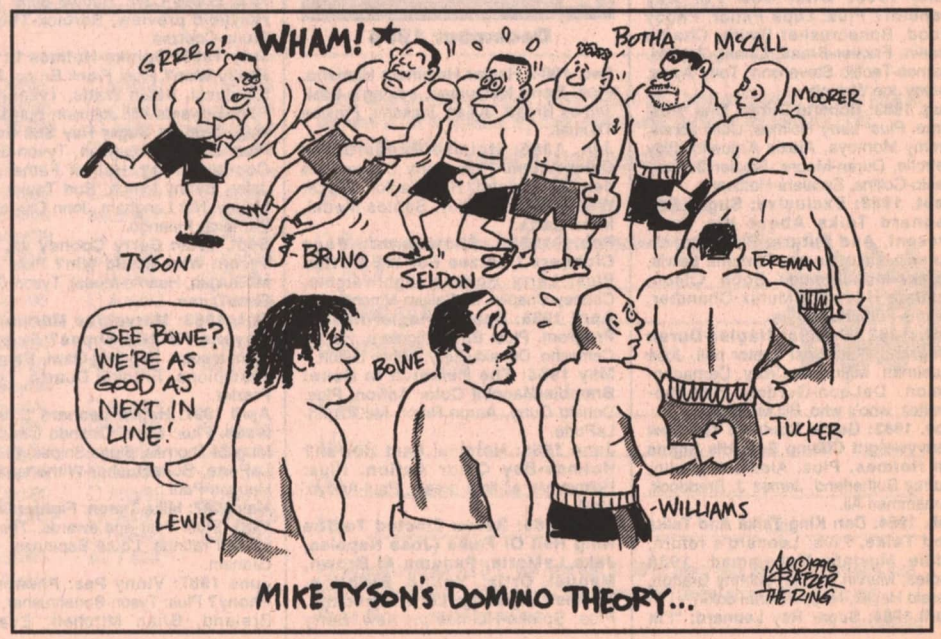
"God's allowing this to happen. God's planning to screw him."

–Mike Tyson on O.J. Simpson, in an interview with *Esquire*

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



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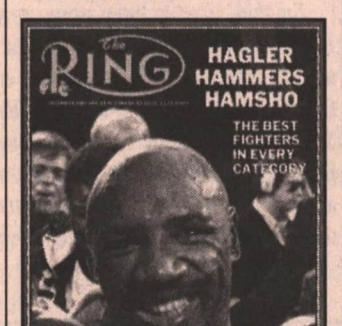

December 1984

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	☐ Dec/84	☐ Oct/86	☐ Nov/88	☐ Jun/91	☐ Feb/94
☐ Aug/81	**All 7 $28**	**All 10 $37**	**All 10 $37**	☐ Jul/91	☐ Mar/94
☐ Oct/81				☐ Aug/91	☐ Apr/94
	☐ Jan/85	☐ Apr/87	☐ Jan/89	☐ Oct/91	☐ May/94
☐ Feb/82	☐ Feb/85	☐ May/87	☐ Feb/89	☐ Dec/91	☐ Jun/94
☐ Aug/82	☐ Apr/85	☐ Jun/87	☐ Mar/89	**All 8 $31**	☐ Jul/94
	☐ May/85	☐ Jul/87	☐ May/89		☐ Aug/94
☐ Jan/83	☐ Jun/85	☐ Aug/87	**All 4 $18**	☐ Jan/92	☐ Sep/94
☐ Feb/83	☐ Aug/85	☐ Sep/87		☐ Jul/92	☐ Oct/94
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☐ Nov/83	☐ Jan/86	☐ Feb/88	☐ Jul/90	☐ Mar/93	☐ Jan/95
All 9 $34	☐ Feb/86	☐ Mar/88	☐ Aug/90	☐ Apr/93	☐ Feb/95
	☐ Mar/86	☐ Apr/88	☐ Sep/90	☐ Jun/93	☐ Mar/95
☐ Feb/84	☐ Apr/86	☐ May/88	☐ Dec/90	☐ Aug/93	☐ Apr/95
☐ Apr/84	☐ May/86	☐ Jun/88	**All 10 $37**	☐ Oct/93	☐ May/95
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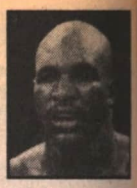
THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended March 20, 1996



Evander Holyfield
Heavyweight

Thomas Hearns
Cruiserweight

Michael Nunn
Super Middleweight

Tracy Patterson
Junior Lightweight

Jesse James Leija
Junior Lightweight

Marco Antonio Barrera
Junior Featherweight

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **RIDDICK BOWE** — Fort Washington, MD *38-1*
2. **MIKE TYSON** — Southington, OH *43-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **LENNOX LEWIS** — England *28-1*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER** — Detroit, MI *36-1*
5. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** — Atlanta, GA *32-3*
6. **BRUCE SELDON** — Atlantic City, NJ *33-3 (WBA Champ)*
7. **ALEXANDR ZOLKIN** — Westerville, OH *24-2*
8. **TIM WITHERSPOON** — Philadelphia, PA *44-4*
9. **OLIVER McCALL** — Chicago, IL *27-6*
10. **HENRY AKINWANDE** — England *28-0-1*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **NATE MILLER** — Philadelphia, PA *26-4 (WBA Champ)*
2. **AL COLE** — Spring Valley, NY *27-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON** — Lexington, KY *25-3-2*
4. **ANACLET WAMBA** — France *45-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
5. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ** — Argentina *19-1-1*
6. **JAMES TONEY** — Ann Arbor, MI *50-2-2*
7. **TORSTEN MAY** — Germany *13-0*
8. **THOMAS HEARNS** — Detroit, MI *55-4-1*
9. **KENNY KEENE** — Emmett, ID *32-1*
10. **ALEXANDER GUROV** — Ukraine *16-1-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **HENRY MASKE** — Germany *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **VIRGIL HILL** — Bismarck, ND *41-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **FABRICE TIOZZO** — France *33-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **MONTELL GRIFFIN** — Chicago, IL *20-0*
5. **MERQUI SOSA** — New York, NY *26-5-2*
6. **MIKE McCALLUM** — Brooklyn, NY *48-3-1*
7. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI** — Germany *29-0*
8. **WILLIAM GUTHRIE** — Philadelphia, PA *20-0*
9. **FRANK TATE** — Houston, TX *35-4*
10. **LOU DEL VALLE** — Bronx, NY *22-0*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES** — Pensacola, FL *31-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **SUGARBOY MALINGA** — South Africa *41-9 (WBC Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS** — Ireland *32-3*
4. **FRANK LILES** — N. Hollywood, CA *28-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **NIGEL BENN** — England *42-3-1*
6. **TIM LITTLES** — Flint, MI *26-1*
7. **VINNY PAZIENZA** — Cranston, RI *40-6*
8. **BRYANT BRANNON** — Trenton, NJ *16-0*
9. **HENRY WHARTON** — England *23-2-1*
10. **MICHAEL NUNN** — Davenport, IA *48-3*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS** — Philadelphia, PA *29-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KEITH HOLMES** — Washington, D.C. *28-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **SHINJI TAKEHARA** — Japan *24-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JORGE CASTRO** — Argentina *98-5-2*
5. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON** — Seattle, WA *34-1*
6. **QUINCY TAYLOR** — Dallas, TX *26-4*
7. **REGGIE JOHNSON** — Houston, TX *35-5-1*
8. **DANA ROSENBLATT** — Malden, MA *27-0*
9. **LONNIE BRADLEY** — New York, NY *23-0*
10. **JULIAN JACKSON** — Virgin Islands *51-4*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *43-6 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *56-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *28-1*
4. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *35-2*
5. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *64-1*
6. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *34-1*
7. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *30-2*
8. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *23-0*
9. **AARON DAVIS**
   Bronx, NY *43-4*
10. **EMMETT LINTON**
    Tacoma, WA *21-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *37-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *31-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *37-1*
5. **CRISANTO ESPANA**
   N. Ireland *31-1*
6. **DERRELL COLEY**
   Capitol Heights, MD *28-1-2*
7. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *22-0-1*
8. **VINCE PHILLIPS**
   Las Vegas, NV *33-1*
9. **EAMONN LOUGHRAN**
   Ireland *26-1-1*
10. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
    Orlando, FL *57-3*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *16-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *52-4-1*
3. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *96-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *21-0*
5. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *40-20-4*
6. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *39-0*
7. **JUAN COGGI**
   Argentina *70-3-2 (WBA Champ)*
8. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *35-3*
9. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *25-2*
10. **JAN BERGMAN**
    South Africa *31-0*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *22-0 (WBA Champ)*
2. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *18-0*
3. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *28-1*
4. **PHILIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *27-0 (IBF Champ)*
5. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *19-0*
6. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *25-1-1*
7. **LAMAR MURPHY**
   Miami, FL *18-1*
8. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *38-4*
9. **ANTONIO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *34-9-2*
10. **JEAN BAPTISTE MENDY**
    France *48-5-2*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *38-3-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *22-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *32-1-1*
4. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *54-4-1*
5. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *42-3*
6. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX *30-2-2*
7. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *40-3-1*
8. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *23-0*
9. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *19-0-3 (WBA Champ)*
10. **JEFF FENECH**
    Australia *27-2-1*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *42-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Japan *38-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *21-0*
4. **ELOY ROJAS**
   Venezuela *33-1-1 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *51-7*
6. **DERRICK GAINER**
   Pensacola, FL *15-3*
7. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *44-1-2*
8. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *30-2*
9. **MIGUEL ARROZAL**
   Portland, OR *25-6*
10. **CESAR SOTO**
    Mexico *43-6-2*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *40-0*
2. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *52-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
3. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *29-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *28-2-1*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *23-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX *42-2-1*
7. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *36-2*
8. **HECTOR ACERO-SANCHEZ**
   New York, NY *32-3-3*
9. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *21-0*
10. **JUNIOR JONES**
    Brooklyn, NY *38-2*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *18-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *36-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *18-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *14-7-1*
5. **ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *30-1*
6. **DANIEL JIMENEZ**
   Puerto Rico *21-4-1*
7. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-1*
8. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX *17-0*
9. **CRUZ CARBAJAL**
   Mexico *13-1-1*
10. **DAORUNG MP PETROLEUM**
    Thailand *56-5-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *18-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *33-0-2*
3. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *26-1*
4. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *14-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **CARLOS SALAZAR**
   Argentina *39-6-1 (IBF Champ)*
6. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *20-0*
7. **SATOSHI IIDA**
   Japan *20-0*
8. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *30-1-1*
9. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-6*
10. **CECILIO ESPINO**
    Huntington Park, CA *33-4-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *22-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *28-1*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *24-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *30-3-2*
5. **ENRIQUE OROZCO**
   Mexico *30-4-1*
6. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *21-1*
7. **CHOKCHAI 3-K BATTERY**
   Thailand *29-1*
8. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *31-2*
9. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *41-5-1*
10. **DANIEL WARD**
    South Africa *24-6*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *28-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **CHIQUITA GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-3*
3. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *39-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *30-2 (WBA Champ)*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *45-5-4*
6. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-2*
7. **LEO GAMEZ**
   Venezuela *29-4-1*
8. **ERIC GRIFFIN**
   Jasper, TN *16-2*
9. **MANUEL JESUS HERRERA**
   Dominican Republic *16-4-1*
10. **SHIRO YAHIRO**
    Japan *22-2-1*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
2. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
3. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Junior Welterweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Junior Featherweight
6. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
7. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Junior Welterweight
8. **RIDDICK BOWE**
   Heavyweight
9. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
10. **MIKE TYSON**
    Heavyweight

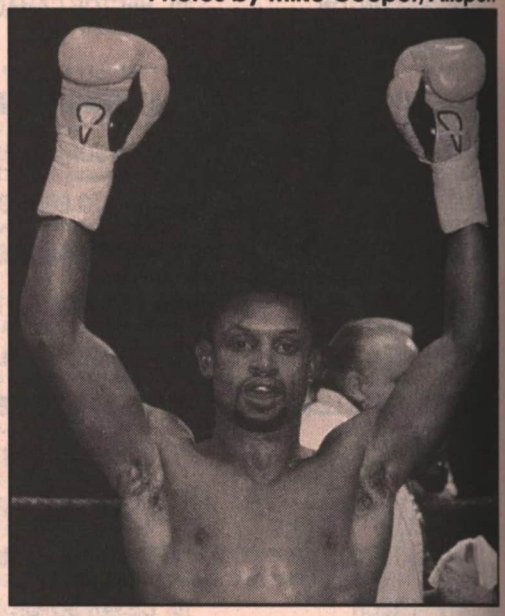
NEW FACES

ADRIAN DODSON

Junior Middleweight

By Brian Doogan

Photos by Mike Cooper/Allsport



Outside of featherweight sensation Naseem Hamed, there is probably no finer young British practitioner of the art of boxing than Adrian Dodson. The junior middleweight is unbeaten after 14 fights, and there are few who doubt his pedigree. More than a few, however, doubt his attitude.

Not that the southpaw boxer-puncher is a slouch when it comes to training. Quite the contrary. What they question is the singlemindedness bordering on arrogance that has served not only to disgruntle the establishment, but has rendered him an unpopular and peripheral figure. His response that distracters should kiss his posterior hardly helps his cause.

A case in point is the time he arrived on the ring steps when appearing on a Frank Warren promotion and refused to box after the TV people repeatedly put his fight back. It is certainly admirable to stick to one's principles, but it is often prudent to stick an apple in one's jaw. Diplomacy, however, is not a language Dodson speaks.

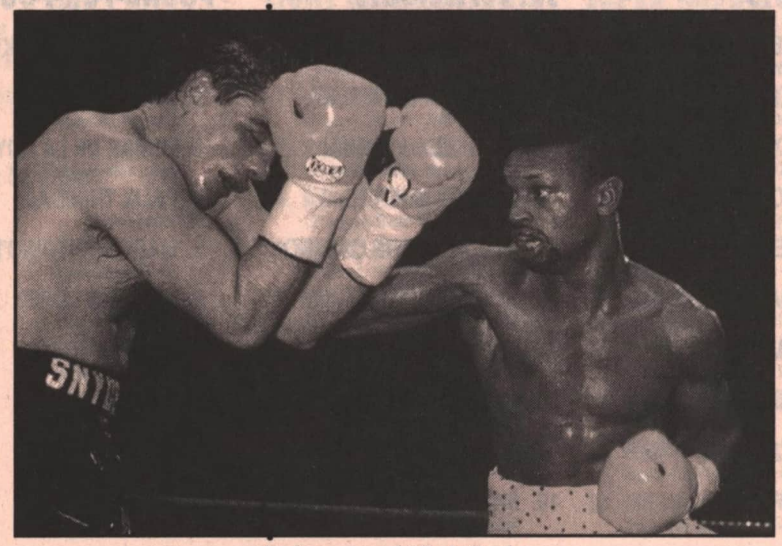
"One, I was a house fighter, not a float fighter who can be called upon any given time that he has to be prepared for," explained Dodson forcefully in an accent that owes more to his upbringing in Brooklyn, New York, than to his present residence in East London. "Secondly, I was told that I would be bout number three. During the time I was warming up in my dressing room, the other bouts just went ahead, bout number five, bout number seven, and before long it was looking imminent that mine would be the last bout. Given the emotional rollercoaster one goes through, the taxing of your mind in the final stages before a fight,

(Continued on page 55)

PRO RECORD

1993		
March 31	Chris Mulcahy, London	KO 1
April 14	Rick North, London	KO 1
May 6	Greg Wallace, Las Vegas	KO 3
June 23	Russell Washer, Edmonton, England	W 6
Sept. 22	Robert Peel, London	KO 1
Oct. 23	Julian Eavis, Cardiff, Wales	KO 4
1994		
Feb. 26	Seamus Casey, London	KO 1
March 12	Danny Juma, Cardiff	W 6
April 9	Stuart Dunn, London	KO 1
June 4	Andrew Jervis, Cardiff	KO 2
Sept. 10	Colin Pitters, Birmingham, England	W 6
1995		
Feb. 25	Lloyd Honeyghan, London	KO 3
Oct. 7	Hughes Daigneault, Belfast	KO 4
Dec. 2	Craig Snyder, Belfast	KO 8

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
14	14	0	0	11



Dodson pummels Craig Snyder

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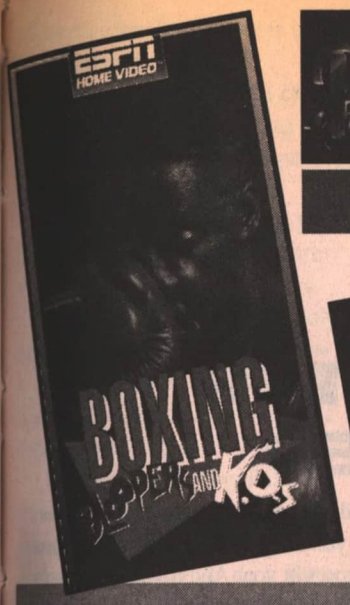

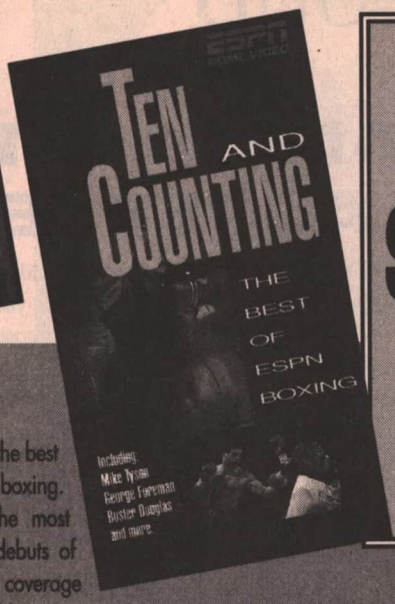

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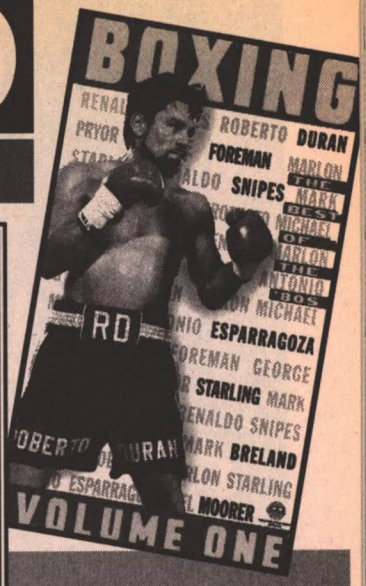

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This new release from ESPN captures the best moments from 10 years of ESPN boxing. You'll see outstanding matchups, the most exciting rounds, and the television debuts of Mike Tyson and Buster Douglas. Plus coverage of George Foreman's comeback, Bobby Czyz, and much more. **45 minutes**

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This hard-hitting video [illegible] look at the best [illegible] of Roberto Duran, [illegible], Mark Breland, Antonio [illegible] Michael Moorer, Marlon Starling, and Renaldo Snipes. **53 minutes**

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BEST OF THE '80s—V[illegible]

This exciting follow[illegible] includes ring action of [illegible], George Foreman, A[illegible] Roberto Duran, Leslie Stewart, La[illegible]mes, and Bobby Czyz. **51 minutes**

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RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

VISA AND MASTER CARD ACCEPTED

Why in the name of Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat would you want to be a fight fan nowadays? Free TV networks don't care about you. Promoters take you for granted. Pay-per-view operators gouge your wallet. Fans of other sports look down their noses at you. And if you attend cards in Europe, you could be left in stitches, not by the sight of some fighter's crazy haircut or garb, but by a liquor bottle launched by bleary-eyed thugs unhappy with the judging.

Masochists, that's what followers of the fight game are. You guys take a licking and keep on, well, taking an even bigger licking the next time. That's why, in my opinion, being a boxing devotee in 1996 requires no less than four things: 1) a skin so thick that Roy Jones jabbing at it in a pair of Reyes gloves couldn't as much as nick it, 2) a refusal to surrender that's so strong, it makes Daniel Zaragoza look like a quitter, 3) a sense of loyalty akin to that exhibited by Lassie and Vince Lombardi's Packers, and, most importantly, 4) THE RING's Fight Fan Survival Kit.

With the exception of the Marco Antonio Barrera-Kennedy McKinney fight, you're not going to last the distance during the Saturday late-night fights without a pot of coffee.

It's assumed you already possess the toughness, never-say-die attitude, and undying loyalty, or you would have packed it in and become a fan of the pro golf tour years ago. So all you need now to assure that you can maintain both your spirit and sanity in the politically driven, lawsuit-filled, talent-starved years ahead is The Kit. (Available through this special limited offer for just $39.95, plus $4.95 for shipping and handling.) To paraphrase Lucy Ricardo, the answer to all your problems is right here in this tiny little cardboard box. Consider it a Vitameatavegemin for violence voyeurs.

Operators are standing by. Act now, and you'll also receive a pair of tickets to Roy Jones' pro basketball debut, a video of Virgil Hill's greatest 201-punch knockouts, and a special souvenir: one of the actual subpoenas served on the IBF by one of the parties suing the organization. (Hurry, that item is limited to the first 200 customers.) This offer also comes complete with a money-back guarantee. If, after sampling THE RING's Fight Fan Survival Kit for 30 days, you still feel like selling your season tickets to the Great Western Forum cards and turning your attention to the gut-wrenching drama of pro beach volleyball, simply return The Kit for a full refund.

What will your $39.95 buy? All of this:

•A copy of this magazine. Hey, you can't tell the 51 world champions—quick, name the WBA junior flyweight king—without a scorecard.

•A set of round-card girl air-fresheners. Great for ridding your living room of the stench that's

still lingering from the first three Don King cards broadcast on Fox.

•A magnifying glass. It will come in handy when you're looking for boxing coverage in the sports pages of most daily newspapers.

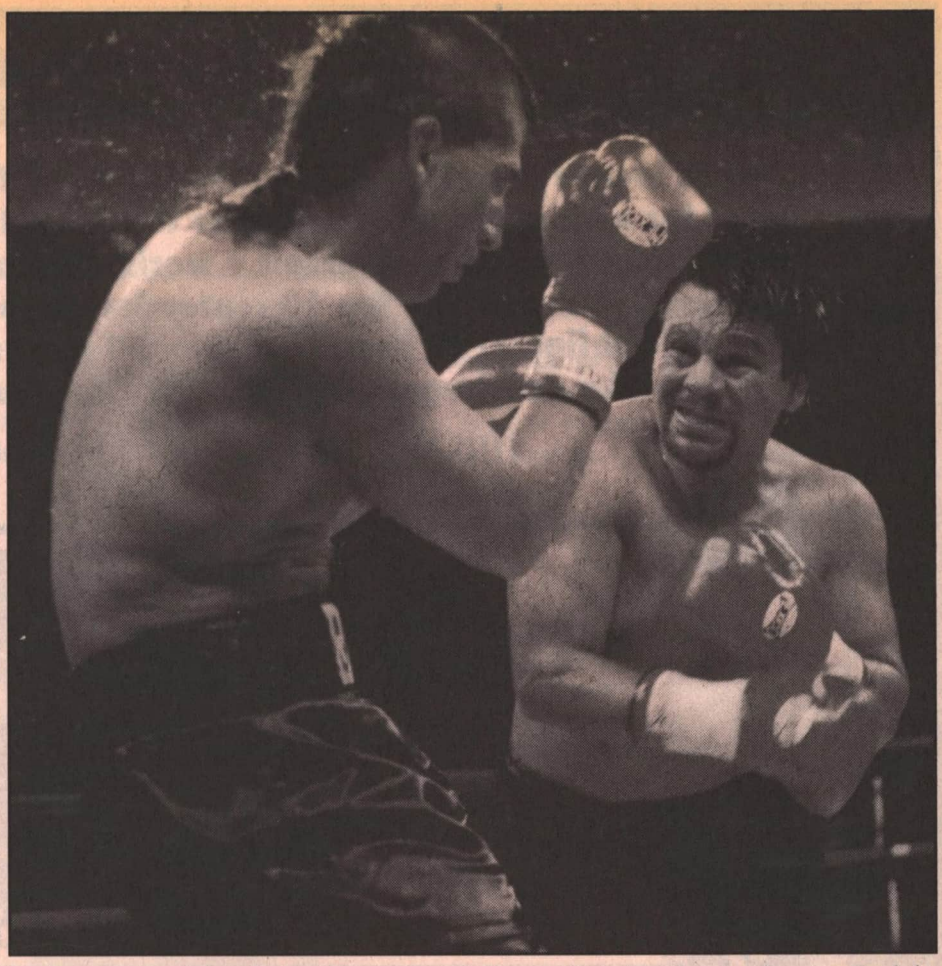
•A microscope. This will help you find the coverage of the lighter weight classes in those same papers.

•The phone numbers of Bob Arum's office, house, car, and beeper. Let the promoter know what you think of his idea of exhuming the corpse of closed-circuit TV.

•A bottle of vodka. Play this great drinking game: Watch an HBO telecast, and every time George Foreman says something stupid, do a shot. You'll be taking a 10-count by the end of the third round.

•Blinders. Put them on and you, too, can continue to call Riddick Bowe the best heavyweight in the world even after "Big Daddy" was floored by a guy who is completely shot and isn't a big puncher.

•Earplugs. Put them in when Steve or Al Albert, guys who couldn't carry their older brother's headset, try to copy every one of Marv's inflections while working a fight. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery to Marv, but it's awfully annoying to the rest of us.



Like Duran Duran, Roberto Duran, shown vs. Roni Martinez, continues to perform past his prime. But do his loyal fans care that "Manos De Piedra" has become a parody of himself?

•The latest Duran Duran cassette. Pop it into the car stereo for the ride home from the clubfights. Why these guys? Well, fans never seem to get tired of Durans who are past their prime.

•A coupon for free tooth extractions at the dentist of your choice. If you can't whistle through a gap in your front teeth whenever Butterbean lands a bomb, you can't cheer for him the way his true fans do.

•A can of Turkish coffee. (Mailed to East Coast fans ordering The Kit.) Drink 10 cups and you'll be able to stay up for *HBO After Dark* and those monthly Fox broadcasts that, following the first few installments, should be called *Saturday Night Dead.* Both shows start at 11 p.m. EST, a little later than many of us would like. Sure, you can set the VCR, but after I failed to see the Marco Antonio Barrera-Kennedy McKinney bout live, I felt as though I'd missed man landing on the moon. If you, like me, want to see the action as it's happening, wake up and smell the coffee.

•Hip boots. Recommended if you're going to listen to those various state athletic commissions explain why they never tested for HIV before the Tommy Morrison situation came to light.

•A sympathy card. Mail it to Axel Schulz to express your regrets for the way he was jobbed against Foreman and Frans Botha. It will make you feel better about yourself.

•A temporary tattoo of Mao Tse-Tung. Make your friends say, "Wow," and your mother have a cow when you look like "Mr. Pow!" by decorating your right biceps with Chairman Mao.

•A can of Raid bug spray. Perfect for fending off those irritating pests who have dedicated their sorry lives to defending the honor of the Ultimate Fighting Championships—and feel compelled to do so in your presence. Just about the time they start with the speech about how Mike Tyson or Roy Jones couldn't last 20 seconds with one of those jujitsu jokers, whip out the can and blast 'em.

•A sweepstakes entry blank. Fill it out and you can win the pair of gloves used by Paul Vaden in his fight with Terry Norris. Well, not actually used, but Vaden did have them on his hands during the bout.

•A hearing aid. Tune it up to full volume and you may be able to hear a peep when it comes out of Vinny Pazienza one of these days. Ever since Jones beat the Devil out of him, Paz has been about as vocal as Marcel Marceau with two torn rotator cuffs. Whoever said silence is golden was as on the mark as Jones' left hook was against Paz.

And last but not least ...

•A bottle of Phillip's Milk of Amnesia. One tablespoon and you not only forget about the days of Ali, Frazier, Foreman, and Norton, but you also stop remembering the era of Leonard, Hearns, Duran, and Hagler. Then the Sweet Science, circa 1996, doesn't seem quite so bad. ■

THE RING'S EXCLUSIVE

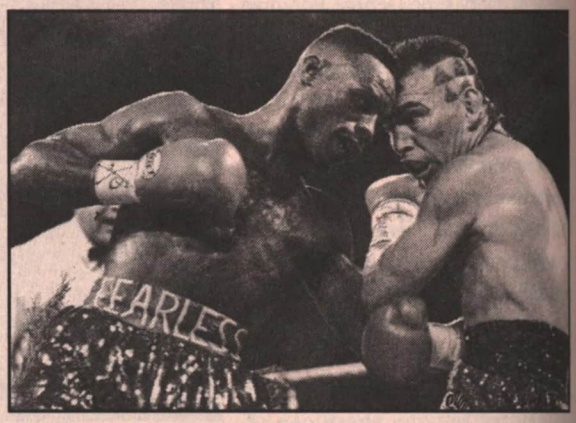
PHOTO QUIZ TEST

Can you identify the fighters in these photos? Award yourself 10 points for each question you answer correctly. If you score a total of 90-100 points, consider yourself a world champion. If you score 70-80 points, you rate as a top-10 contender. If you score 50-60 points, you're a clubfighter at best. Less than 50 points? Eat another piece of cheesecake and forget about that morning roadwork.

THIS MONTH: BAD RECORDS, GOOD FIGHTERS

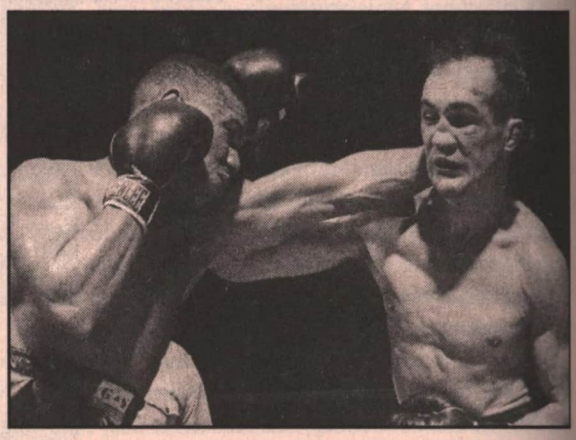
1

The patron saint of good fighters with bad records is this former world champion, who was once no better than .500. He's shown vs. Jorge Paez.



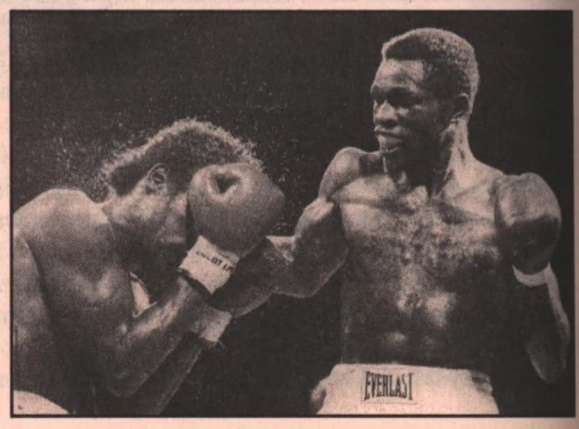
2

The former world champion on the right suffered 65 defeats over a 19-year career. He's shown losing for the eighth time in nine fights, to Cecil Hudson.



3

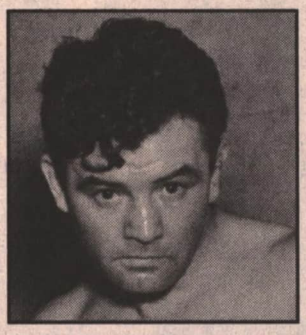
A journeyman southpaw, this fighter was a mediocre 27-9-1 when he won a version of the world junior middleweight title.



YOUR BOXING IQ

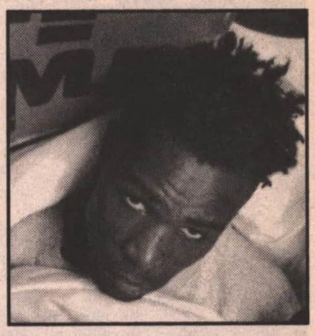
4

This surprise world champion won and lost the heavyweight title at the end of his career. Over one stretch, he went 9-20-1.



5

This bantamweight has suffered seven losses in 22 bouts, yet he's on the verge of winning a world title.

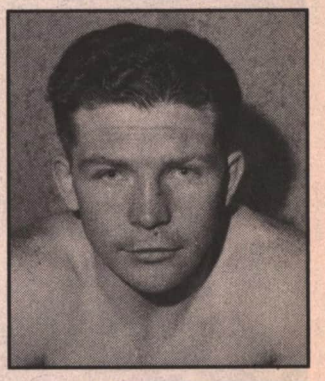


6

Before winning the world light heavyweight title, this New Yorker had been victorious in only two of his previous five fights. But his losses came against world-class opposition.

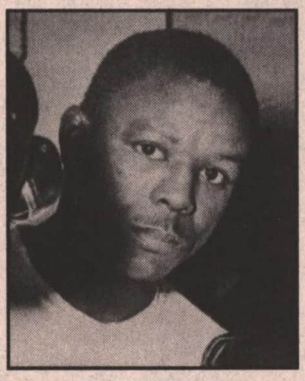
7

During one stretch in the '30s, this war-time world champion lost 14 of 16 bouts. Hint: He won the title by defeating another fighter featured in this quiz.



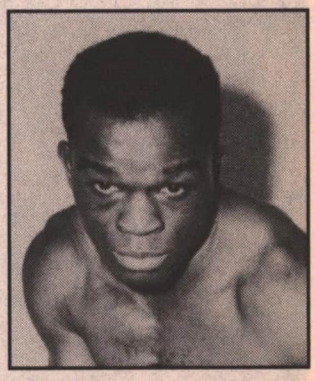
8

After six years as a pro, this future welterweight champion was 22-12. In the mid- to late-'50s, however, he proved particularly tough to beat.



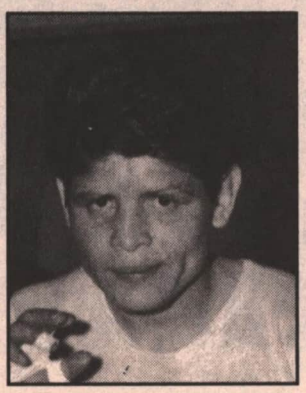
9

This lightweight was seemingly going nowhere when, after going 3-3-1 in his previous seven bouts, he won the world title.



10

There were lots of points losses for this world champion, a 126-pounder who rose in weight and won the world lightweight title.

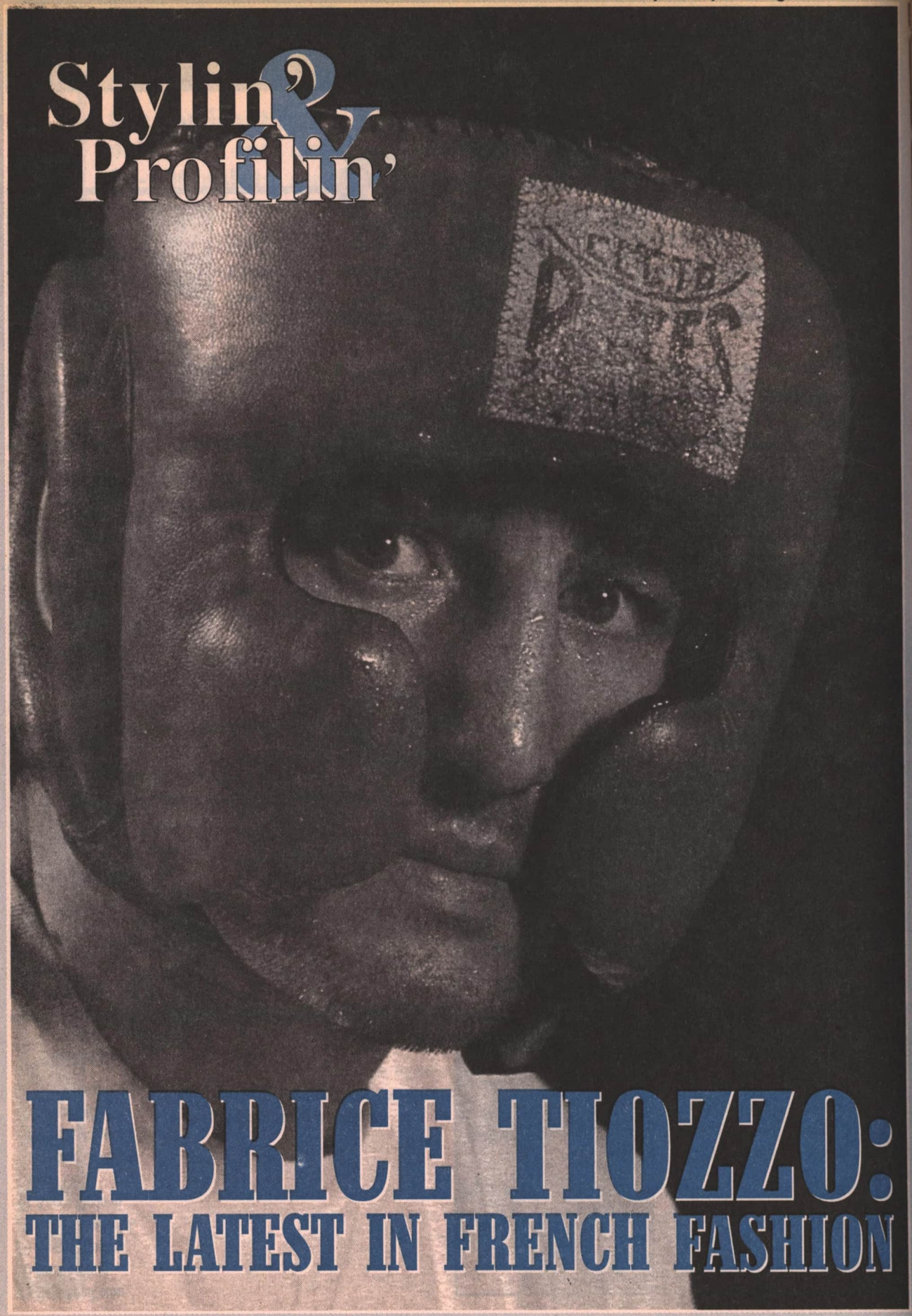


ANSWERS:

1) Fred Pendleton
2) Fritzie Zivic
3) Buster Drayton
4) Jimmy Braddock
5) Ancee Gedeon
6) Bob Olin
7) Freddie Cochrane
8) Virgil Akins
9) Bud Smith
10) Lauro Salas

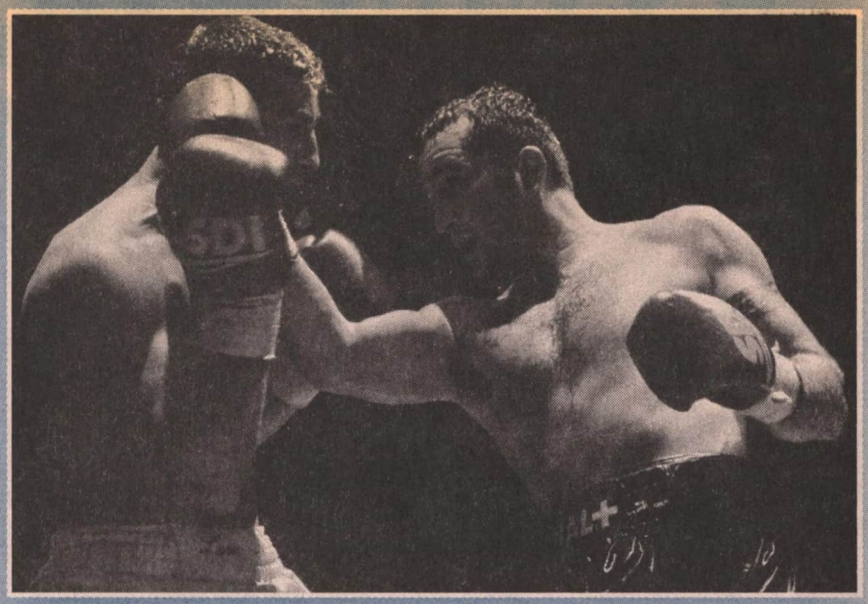
Photos by Vandystadt Agence De Presse

Stylin' & Profilin'



FABRICE TIOZZO:
THE LATEST IN FRENCH FASHION

By Brian Doogan



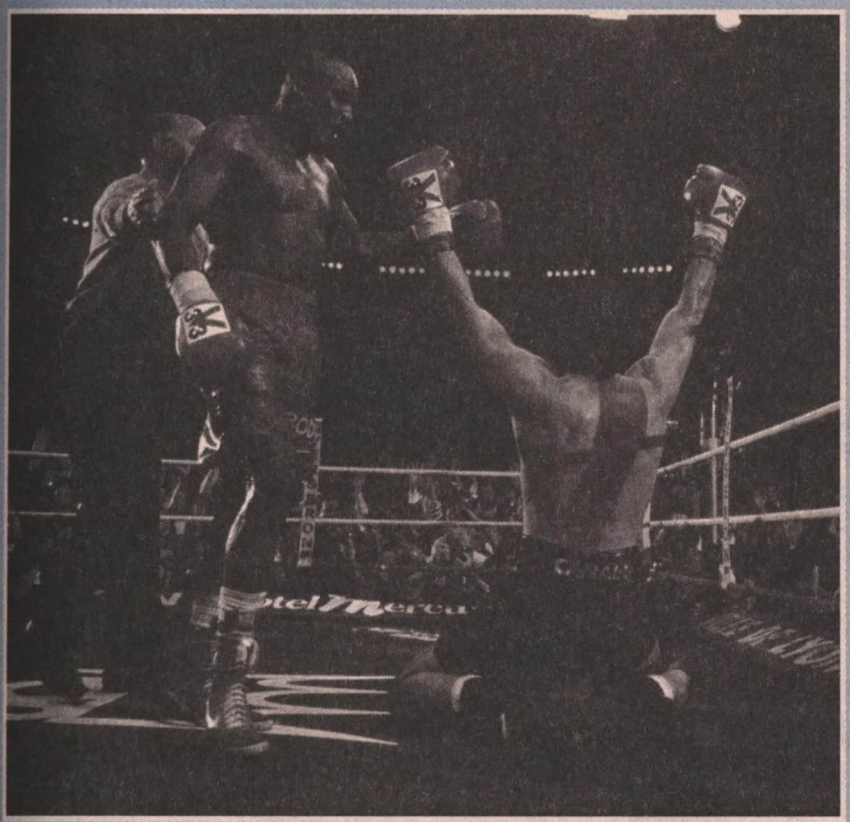
In his first defense of the WBC light heavyweight title, Tiozzo powered his way past Canada's Eric Lucas, winning a unanimous 12-round decision in January. The champion dominated throughout, but Lucas won the crowd over by gamely lasting the route.

If world boxing titles have really been cheapened, then the light heavyweight belt must surely be the one that could be worn by any Tom, Dick, or Harry.

A glance through the top 10 of the three major governing bodies is more likely to inspire contempt than awe. It is a division populated primarily by fighters whose credentials and aspirations are as inflated as their bodies, by has-been middleweights, and by never-were super middleweights whose decision to jump weights has probably saved their careers from going the way of the dodo. Michael Nunn is a prime example, as is James Toney, whose loss to Roy Jones precipitated an incredible free-fall into obscurity.

Mike McCallum represents class, but his 38-year-old body has been through many wars. And when the name of Frank Tate is added to the equation, boxing no longer requires high moral values to call its validity into question. Aesthetic considerations will suffice.

The Tom, Dick, and Harry presently ruling this modest domain are Fabrice Tiozzo, Henry Maske, and Virgil Hill, two Europeans (wouldn't they know more about grapes and vineyards than fisticuffs?) and a guy who could hardly punch a hole in a roll of lavatory paper. Their faces are not to be found on the covers of magazines, and their names are familiar only to the most dedicated of boxing fans. Ability-wise, none of them is a mug, but the nearest they will ever get to the Hall of Fame is a tour of the museum in Canastota, New York.



It was a dramatic sight when Tiozzo dropped to his knees after the final bell of his June 1995 challenge of pound-for-pound entrant Mike McCallum. Tiozzo won by unanimous decision.

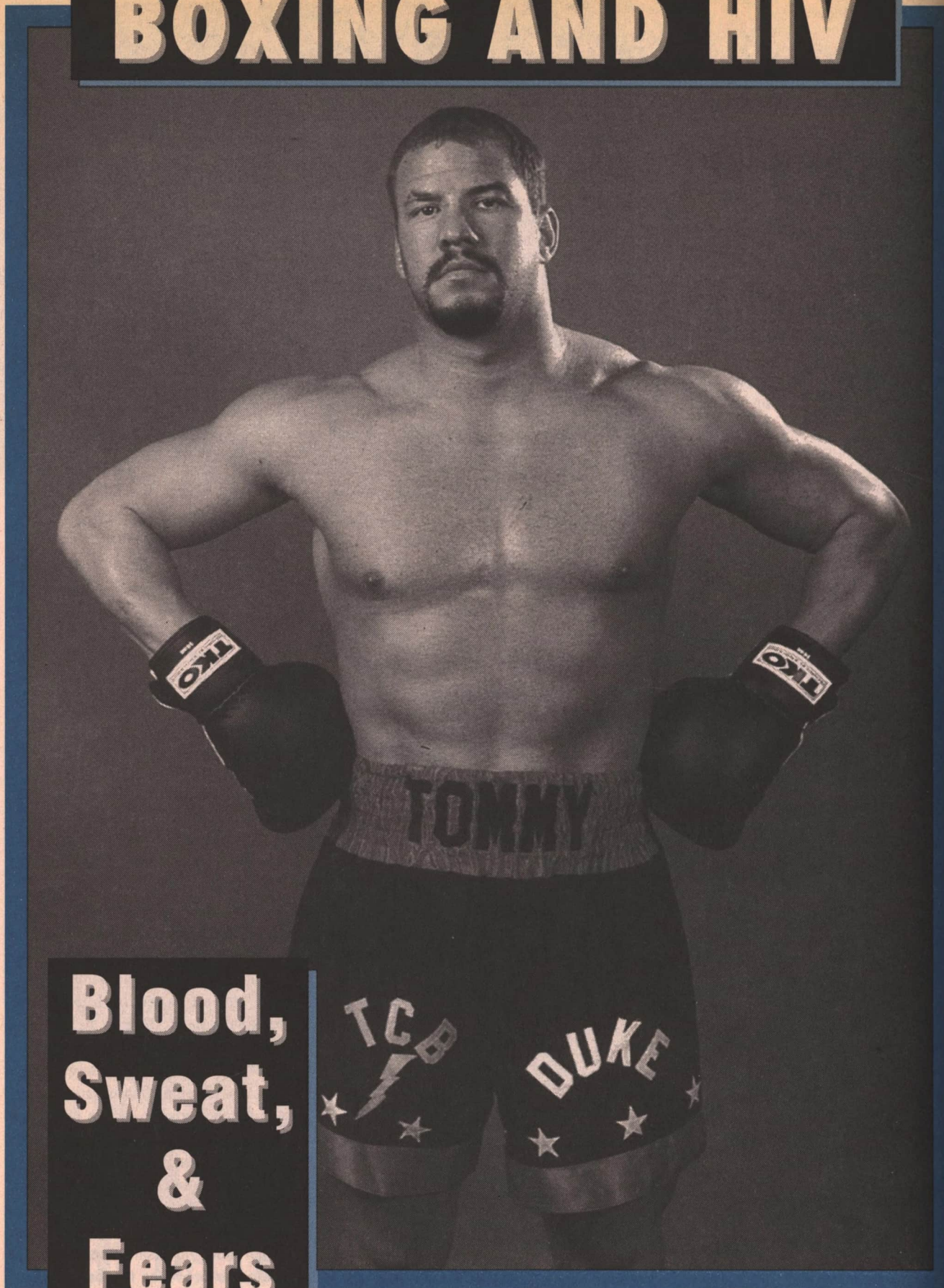
WBA titlist Hill is the most successful light heavyweight champion in history, but only if you disregard the level of opposition he has faced, which can be characterized in one word: woeful. Over the course of two reigns, he's made a total of 18 successful defenses. He rarely ventures out of his hometown of Bismarck, North Dakota, a trait shared by his IBF counterpart, Maske, who considers fighting on foreign soil to be the exclusive requirement of the challenger. A hero in Germany, Maske contradicts the adage that a prophet is not recognized in his hometown. He is not recognized anywhere else.

Though the least established of the three, Tiozzo, the WBC champion with a record of 33-1 (21), has perhaps the greatest potential. At 27, age remains an ally. (Maske and Hill are both 32.) The Frenchman won the title by defeating a quality practitioner in McCallum, and the dearth of talented challengers might result in an extended reign. Charismatic, intelligent, and good-looking, he has the image of a would-be star. But while he expresses himself vividly in French, his English is limited and disjointed, a major drawback in the profitable American market.

The language Tiozzo articulates in the ring is far more universal. A persistent and accurate jab provides the basis for an

(Continued on page 56)

BOXING AND HIV



Blood, Sweat, & Fears

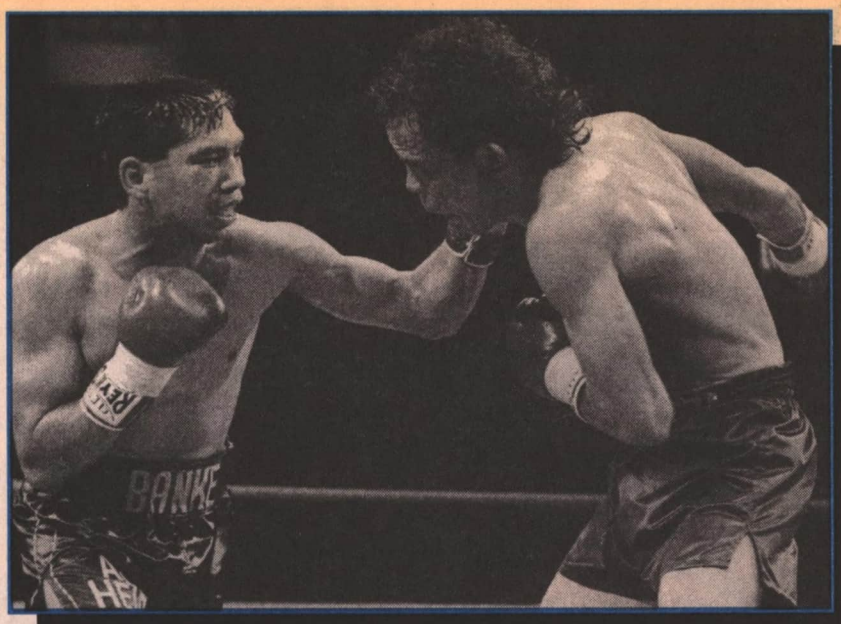
Photo by Bill Apter

By Jonathan Heaps

While Tommy Morrison wasn't headlining the February 10 card at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, the heavyweight was clearly the star of the show. At a press conference two days before fight night, Morrison, accompanied by an attractive blonde in a tight white T-shirt, was besieged by more fans than any other fighter on the card. And everywhere he went in the casino, people called out his name, wanting to be seen and touched by the perennial contender and good-looking co-star of *Rocky V*.

And now it's doubtful even his staunchest supporters will ever look at Morrison the same way again.

It all began to change at about 4 p.m. on the day of the fight, less than three hours before Morrison was to enter the ring to face clubfighter Arthur Weathers. Rumors began swirling through the press room. Some whispered that Morrison, who had looked thick and wide at the weigh-in, had failed a steroid test. Others weren't so sure. Steroid testing is done after, not before, a bout. Everyone agreed, however, that it was strange that the Nevada State Athletic Commission had suspended Morrison—without disclosing a reason.



Former WBC super bantamweight champion Paul Banke, shown in April 1990 during one of his memorable wars with current champion Daniel Zaragoza, is now battling full-blown AIDS. Like Tommy Morrison, he hopes to educate young people about the deadly virus, as well as the consequences of a reckless lifestyle.

It was a crucial time for Morrison. While he had won 45 bouts and beaten the likes of George Foreman, his career seemed more defined by losses: to Ray Mercer by savage fifth-round knockout; to Michael Bentt on the eve of a reported $7.5-million payday for a fight with then-

TOMMY MORRISON

"My Proudest Moment Is What Happened This Year"

Perhaps it's odd that the finest moment for a slugger like Tommy Morrison has come with his hands by his sides. Ever since February, when he tested positive for the HIV virus before a scheduled fight in Las Vegas, Morrison, a high-profile heavyweight contender and a star of Rocky V, has been a particularly dignified and compelling voice. The world is still learning about AIDS, and Morrison, who lacked discipline in his private life, seems determined to utilize his public life in the most constructive way possible.

In early-March, Morrison, 27, spoke with Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood from the office of the heavyweight's promoter, Tony Holden, who is based in Oklahoma. Funny, but with Morrison having just answered the bell for the most important fight of his life, there wasn't a single question about his ability to deliver or absorb a punch.

(Continued on page 58)

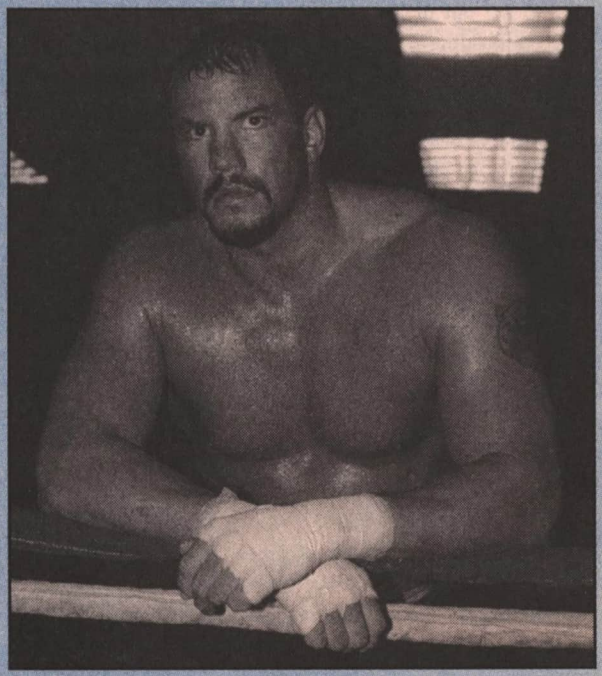
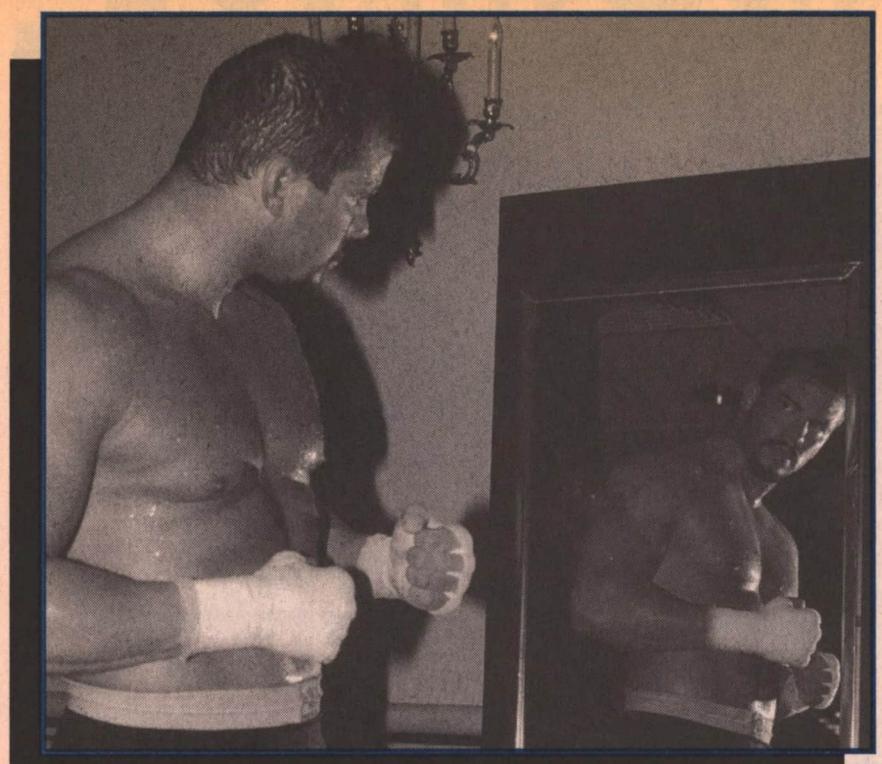


Photo by Bill Apter

"I've never been healthier in my life," says Morrison. "I'm bigger, faster, stronger than I've ever been."



When he made the announcement that he was HIV positive, Morrison said he felt in excellent physical shape. This year, he said, was going to be his best in boxing.

world champion Lennox Lewis; and most recently, to Lewis in a high-profile crossroads battle of contenders.

Many, including Morrison himself, attributed his poor performances to a lifestyle he would soon describe as "permissive, fast, and reckless."

"I used to get out of line, way out of line, when I was supposed to be in training," said a relaxed and jovial Morrison in a television interview just days earlier. "I got to thinking I knew all the answers. But Lewis knocked that thought right out of my head."

Coming off that loss, Morrison signed with Don King in the hopes that a series of quick wins over easy opponents would lead to a megabucks payday against Mike Tyson. The comeback was supposed to begin on February 10 against Weathers, a blown-up cruiserweight with a reputation for getting cut quickly and easily. "If I just look at a fight on TV, I start bleeding," Weathers said earlier in the week.

At about 4:30 p.m., a more frightening rumor began spreading through the press room: Morrison had tested positive for HIV.

"I honestly believed I had a better chance of winning the lottery than contracting the disease," Morrison said less than a week later at a press conference in Tulsa, Oklahoma. "I've never been so wrong in my life."

While eloquent and articulate in his first public appearance since testing positive, Morrison appeared removed from the proceedings. It was if he had accepted his fate intellectually, but not emotionally.

Only six weeks earlier, Morrison had celebrated his 27th birthday.

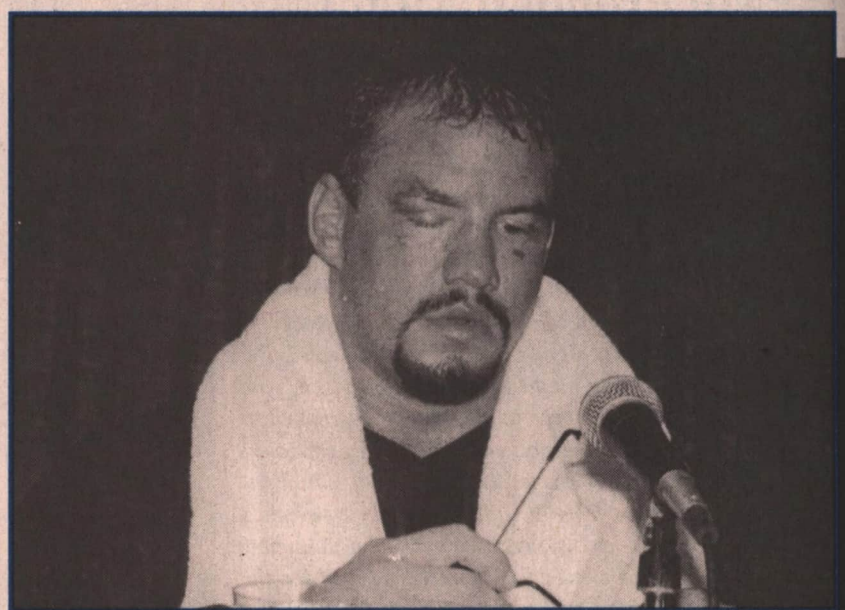
***

While Morrison is the most famous and most visible fighter to test positive for HIV, he certainly is not the first to be infected with the virus that leads to AIDS.

In 1989, Esteban DeJesus, a world lightweight champion in the early-'70s, died in prison of AIDS-related complications. The following year, African heavyweight Proud Kilimanjaro was banned for failing to disclose the results of his AIDS test. In 1991, featherweight Ruben "Hurricane" Palacio was stripped after testing positive. Former WBC super bantamweight champion Paul Banke is now battling AIDS, and in 1994, former top-rated middleweight Lamar Parks tested positive.

The most shameful and frightening incident, however, involved Eduardo Castro, an obscure journeyman from Mexico. In 1991, Castro, a 21-year-old junior featherweight who was winless in seven fights, was suspended by the Nevada commission after testing HIV positive. Despite notification to other state commissions, Castro deceived the California commission by falsifying information on his boxing license application and then fighting twice, knowing he was infected with HIV.

"I can't believe he did that," said Eddie Croft, who fought Castro after the Mexican



After Morrison's October 1995 loss to Lennox Lewis, he showed the wounds of war. What is the possibility of the HIV virus being transmitted during a bloody boxing match? Greater, it would seem, than during a basketball or football game.

Top-rated middleweight contender Lamar Parks, shown pounding Ricky Thomas in a January 1993 fight he won by decision, tested HIV positive before a bout in 1994. Unlike Tommy Morrison and Paul Banke, he has never publicly addressed the situation.

had tested positive. "There is enough of a health risk in boxing without fighting somebody with AIDS. If he infected another fighter, that would be like murder, wouldn't it?"

***

Could Castro or Morrison or another infected fighter indeed transmit the virus in a bout? And is the current uproar for mandatory testing fueled by reasonable conclusions and medical certainties or by exaggerated and often unfounded fears?

"I can't tell you the risk is zero, but I can tell you it is so low, it is not measurable," said Dr. Alfred Saah of the Johns Hopkins Medical School and School of Public Health. "Three in a thousand is actually the risk of transmission from a needle prick, a needle prick from a known HIV positive person, not a blood splash [in the ring] where the odds are so low, they cannot even be calculated.

"The real issue here is sharing needles and having unprotected sex. That has added more than half-a-million cases of AIDS here in the U.S. None of it has been spread by athletics. None of it."

Transmitting the virus, even in a bout filled with blood, would be difficult. Skin serves as an effective barrier against HIV. Moreover, sweat does not contain the virus, and cuts bleed outwardly, and not inwardly, making it highly unlikely that enough blood could be absorbed to lead to infection.

"And there is not much virus in the blood to begin with," added Saah. "People in the earlier stages of infection [like an HIV-infected fighter healthy enough to enter the ring] have even less of the virus, making it even tougher to transmit."

In addition, say those who believe testing is unnecessary and ineffective, there are no rules that can effectively regulate sparring partners in training camps, and no test that can detect the virus during its incubation period. And there's another argument: Mandatory testing is an infringement on an individual's right to privacy, and revealing the results can deny an HIV positive fighter his right to make a living.

But for all the facts, figures, statistics, and deductions, boxing remains a bloodletting sport. And there exists a possibility, as remote as it may be, that this deadly virus can be passed from one fighter to another by blood sprayed into an open wound or through the eyes, nose, and mouth into the mucous membrane.

And common sense, if not decency, dictates that a boxer should have the right to know if his opponent carries a fatal and infectious disease—and then should have the right of refusing to fight.

"Would I have fought Castro if I knew he had AIDS?" said Croft. "I'd like to think maybe I would. But I probably wouldn't. I don't know if that's right or wrong, but it's my life, and I think I should have the right to make that choice."

***

When Castro's deception first became public, two years before Morrison's revelation shocked the sport and shattered his life, only commissions in Nevada and Oregon mandated HIV testing. Since then, Arizona, Louisiana, Washington, Puerto Rico, New Mexico, Georgia, New Jersey,

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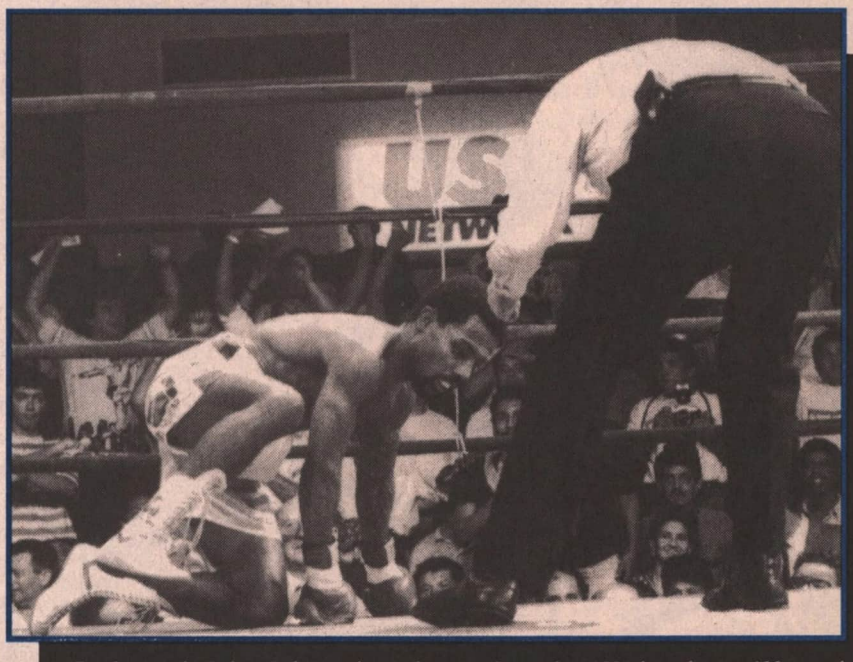


Featherweight Ruben Palacio, shown during a September 1990 kayo loss to 122-pound champion Luis Mendoza, tested positive before a bout in England in 1993. The British Boxing Board of Control requires HIV testing once a year.

By Stanley Weston
Publisher, THE RING Magazine

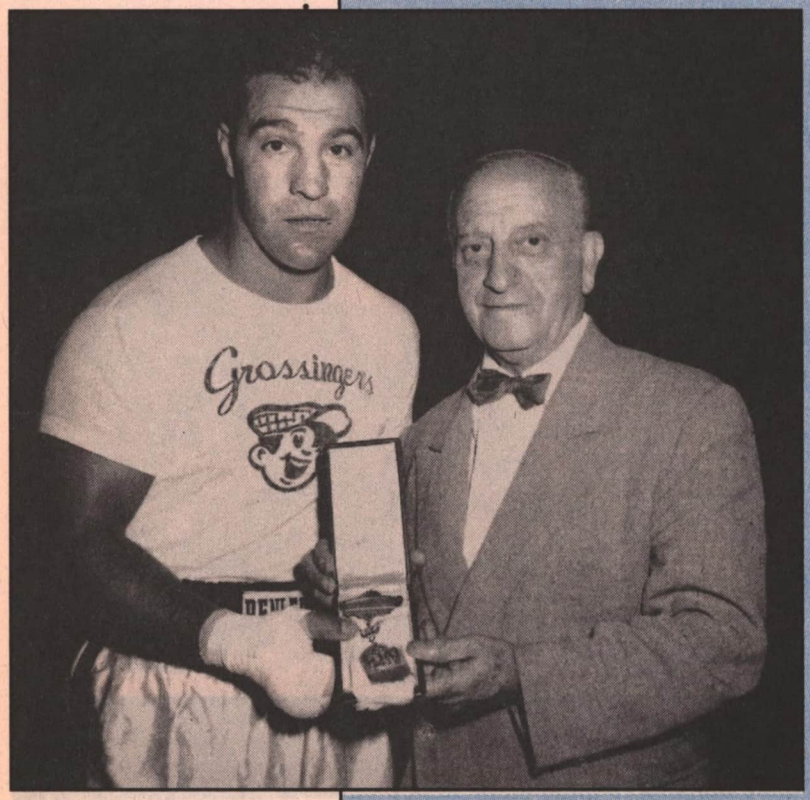
TIME CAPSULES

"I DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT NAT"

(September 12, 1955)

On the morning of September 12, 1955, Rocky Marciano awoke after a restless night with a fever and wrenching bellyache. He was scheduled to defend the heavyweight crown against Archie Moore a mere 10 days later, and there was genuine cause for concern. The champ was also scheduled to receive THE RING Fighter of the Year award from Publisher Nat Fleischer on the afternoon of the 12th. "I hope I feel up to it. I don't want to disappoint Nat," Rocky told his chief trainer, Charlie Goldman. "Don't worry about Nat," Goldman replied. "If you don't feel up to it, I'll accept [the award] for you."

Rocky downed a bowl of homemade beef broth (minus the usual garlic-laced croutons he loved), which made him feel a mite better. But it was still touch-and-go whether or not he would appear publicly later in the day. The usual morning's training routine was canceled, frustrating the big throng already gathered in the old airplane hanger at the Grossinger's resort complex in upstate New York, where the champion trained for all his major bouts.



At two o'clock, Rocky decided he would personally accept the award. Reluctantly, he pulled on his training togs, although he knew he would not work out anytime that day. "It'll look funny if I go out there in a suit, or even in pants and a golf shirt," he told Goldman. "I don't want anybody to know how lousy I feel." The cunning Goldman went a step further, adding to the subterfuge. "I'll wrap your hands. That'll make it look even better," he said.

Looking drawn and pale, the heavyweight champion graciously accepted the prestigious award from Fleischer as the barrage of popping flashbulbs bathed him in ghostly, iridescent white, making Rocky appear even sicker than he actually was. Marciano was uncanny in the way he managed to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Even when it came to accepting yet another notable tribute.

Only Rocky Marciano and his devoted trainer Charlie Goldman knew how sick the heavyweight champion really was when he accepted THE RING's Fighter of the Year award from Publisher Nat Fleischer. Rocky's bandaged hands was an attempt to hide the truth.

FUZZY, BUT SO HISTORIC

(February 23, 1922)

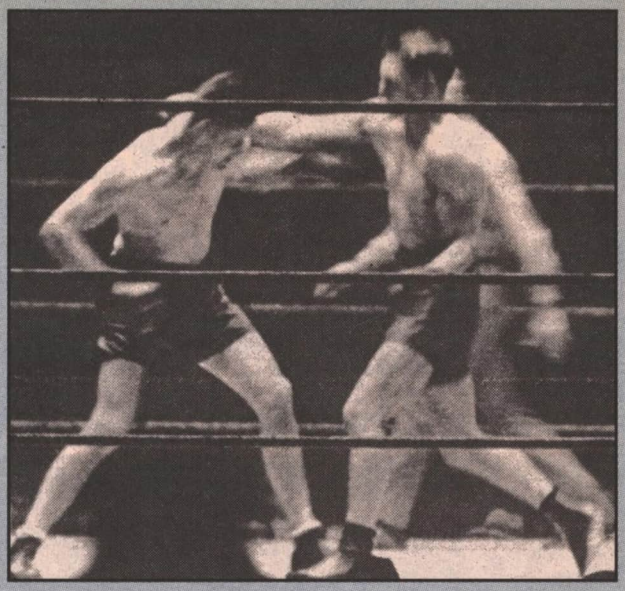
Using primitive equipment, somebody actually recorded a single image of Abe Lincoln delivering his immortal Gettysburg Address on November 19, 1863. Judging by the photo's composition, the unknown picture buff seemed more interested in capturing those in the audience than the President himself. So he set up his bulky black box about 50 yards from the podium. In the finished print, Lincoln's head became the size of a black dot, unrecognizable to the naked eye. But with improved technology over the years, that tiny black dot was enlarged hundreds of times, until a recognizable image of the Great Emancipator finally appeared.

Whenever I look at the picture of the first Gene Tunney-Harry Greb fight, I always say to myself, "The guy who took this shot must have been the same dude that turned Abe Lincoln into a pin-head. And, by gosh, he must have used the same camera, too!" There are two common denominators between the images, taken almost 60 years apart: It is the only one of Lincoln's crowning achievement, and the only action shot—at least that I know of—of an unforgettable chapter in boxing's turbulent history. Sadly, the technical quality of both is atrocious.

The reason it is so important to have that single image of Tunney and Greb slugging it out is that it provides a visual record of the only fight Tunney ever lost. The bout was a savage lesson in survival that would instill within him unwavering self-confidence and chart the course of a remarkable career that led to Gene's conquest of Jack Dempsey and the heavyweight championship of the world. Years after he retired as undefeated champion, Tunney tried to put into perspective the brutal agony he somehow managed to survive in his first battle with Greb.

"In my opinion," wrote the brilliantly articulate Tunney in a 1965 magazine article, "previous to 1922, when I first fought Greb, only Jess Willard took a comparable beating and lived when Dempsey crucified him at Toledo, Ohio, back in 1919. In all the succeeding years, only four other fights generated the kind of uncontrolled life-and-death violence of which I speak: Rocky Graziano's sixth-round knockout of Tony Zale at Chicago in 1947, Zale's third-round knockout of Graziano at Newark, New Jersey, in 1948, Ray Robinson's 13th-round knockout of Jake LaMotta at Chicago in 1951, and Rocky Marciano's 13th-round knockout of Jersey Joe Walcott at Philadelphia in 1952."

What separated Tunney's war with Greb from the survival situations he cited as similar in brutality was that Gene was the only loser of the five to last the 15-round distance. In a 1935 interview with legendary Hearst sports editor Bill Corum, Tunney painfully related that night of horror when he battled not to win, but to live, against a demon foe whom he outweighed by 12¼ pounds (174½ to 162¼), stood five inches taller, was four years younger—and 100 years younger in bodily wear and tear. As if all that didn't give Tunney enough



The only existing photograph of one of boxing's most ferocious fights shows Gene Tunney (left) desperately trying to survive Harry Greb's relentless attack midway in round six. Greb was blind in one eye going into the fight, and by the finish, the winner's good eye was the only one, between them, capable of sight.

advantages, Harry was totally blind in his right eye. Greb was so contemptuous of Gene that a mere 11 days before his contracted bout with Tunney at Madison Square Garden, he knocked out an old war horse named Al Roberts in six rounds in Boston.

But early in that bout, Roberts massaged Harry's eyes with his leather glove laces with such surgical expertise that even as Greb left the Boston ring that night, he was already half-blinded. The gamblers hadn't a clue about "One-Eyed Harry" when they installed him a 7-5 favorite over Tunney. But even had they known, it probably wouldn't have mattered that much. It wouldn't have mattered had Harry been going against a 500-pound gorilla. There was only one Harry Greb.

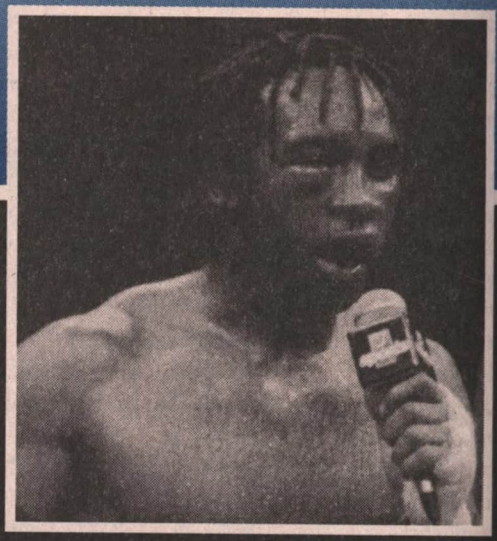
Tunney told Corum in painful recollection that the very first punch Greb threw at him was "a left I did not see [that] shattered the cartilage in my nose in two places. It was less that 10 seconds into the round and I couldn't breathe as blood gushed into my mouth and down my throat. He buried his head into my chest and shot overhand blows into my face. I didn't see any of them coming. Another shot ripped a deep, four-inch gash over my left eye. Now the blood cascaded into my eyes. All I could see before me was a red, star-speckled haze."

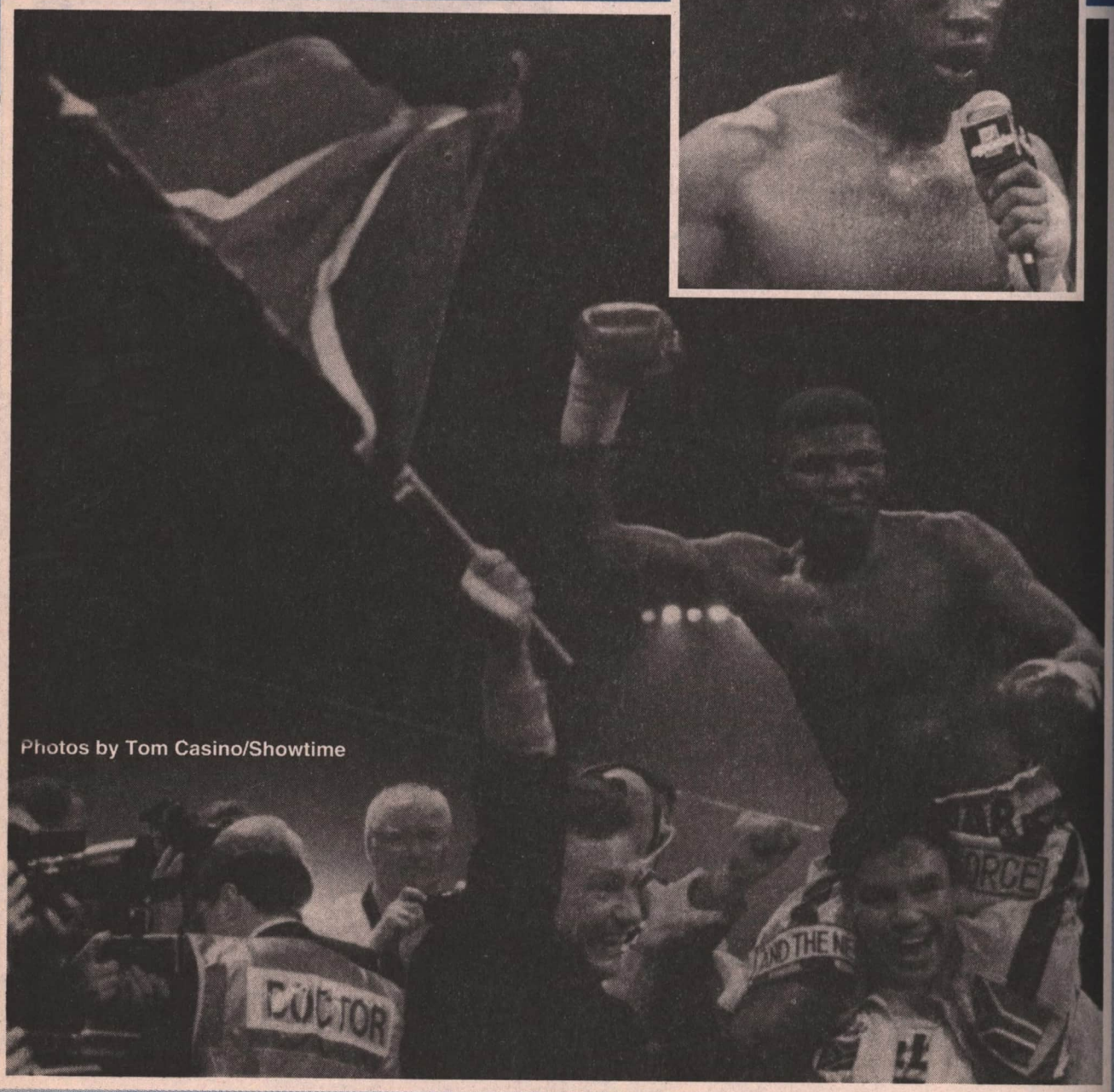
Tunney's seconds couldn't even slow the rivers of red that poured down Gene's once-handsome face from those sickening eye cuts and nose fractures. In a desperate but futile attempt to congeal the nose hemorrhages, Gene's chief second, the revered Doc Bagley, poured adrenaline into the palm of his hand and forced his desperately stricken fighter to sniff deeply. "He did the same thing round after round," Gene said,

(Continued on page 61)

THE CROWNING OF SUGARBOY MALINGA . . .

And The Downing Of Nigel Benn





Photos by Tom Casino/Showtime

By Brian Doogan

The seeds of Nigel Benn's March 2 loss to Sugarboy Malinga, the third defeat of his career, were sown on May 23, 1992. That was the first time Benn wasn't mentally prepared to fight the mellow South African born-again Christian.

Four years ago, Benn was still recovering from his ninth-round submission to Chris Eubank when he took on Malinga. A tight defense minimized the effectiveness of "The Dark Destroyer's" blows, and a sustained and intelligent use of the ring, combined with a piston-like jab, combined to threaten an upset. When Benn was rocked in the ninth, not only was the issue in doubt, but his fistic career in jeopardy. Characteristically, he rallied, and though many had been persuaded by the unheralded Malinga's methodical effectiveness, British referee Paul Thomas, the sole arbiter of the 10-round non-title fight, made Benn the winner by a single round.

"I asked God for this title because my son has been very ill and came close to death. He is recovering from a brain tumor, and the money I earn in the ring will help pay for his medication."

–Sugarboy Malinga

Malinga rarely left himself this open—and Benn rarely landed this type of crushing right hand. In fact, with the exception of rights to the body, Benn didn't land much of anything, thus he lost the title.

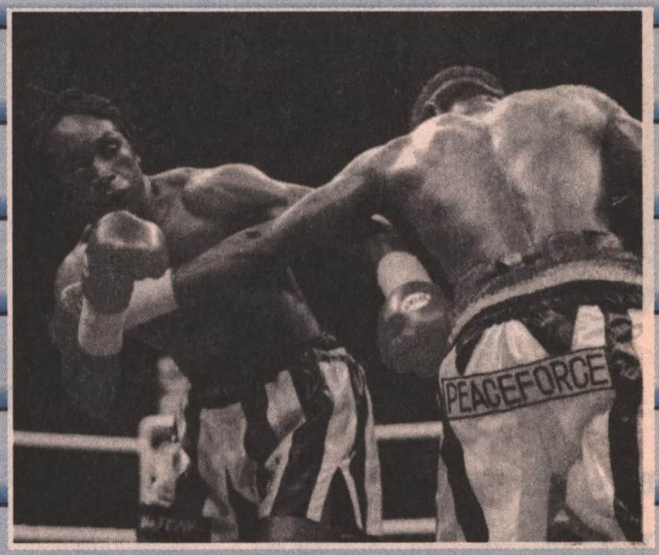
To the victor went a shot at Mauro Galvano's WBC super middleweight title, which Benn subsequently took by third-round stoppage. And to the vanquished went the firm conviction that if he ever again shared a ring with Benn, he would gain the upper hand.

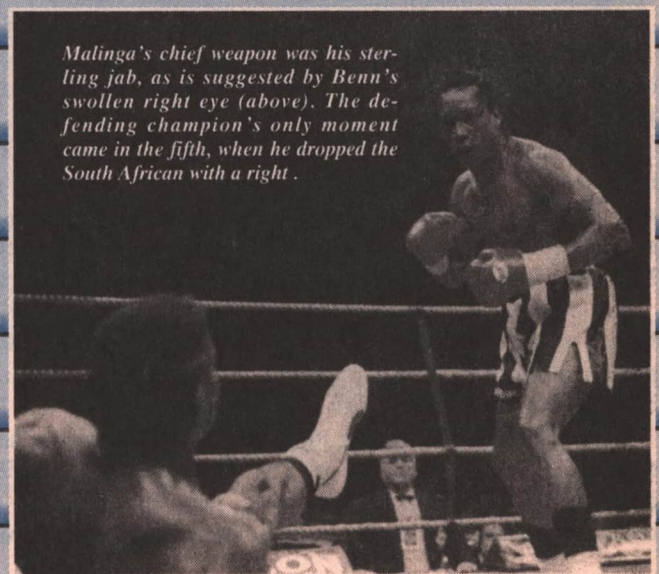
"His style suits me," Malinga told THE RING as he and his entourage traveled back to the hotel by bus from a rather moderate victory party in England's Newcastle Arena. "He comes forward, and a man who comes to me gets what he wants. I have a solid jab, and the punch was central to my game plan. It had worked in our first fight, and I knew that it would work again because Benn always fights the same way. A leopard doesn't change his spots."

Trainer Nick Durant, who, with his flowing blond mane resembles a heavy metal rocker or one of the superstars of the World Wrestling Federation, reiterated the point. "Although it is a cliche, styles make fights," he said. "And Nigel Benn's come-forward style is made for us. My only doubt was that if the fight was even reasonably close, Benn would get the nod. We were ready for a robbery."

If either of the other two judges had only half as vivid an imagination as America's Chuck Giampa, there could very well have been one. Somehow, Giampa awarded the fight to Benn by 114-112. Fortunately, Chuck Williams (USA) and Omar Mintun (Mexico) saw things as they really were, giving the fight, and the WBC super middleweight title, to Malinga by 118-109 and 115-111, respectively.

(Continued on page 62)



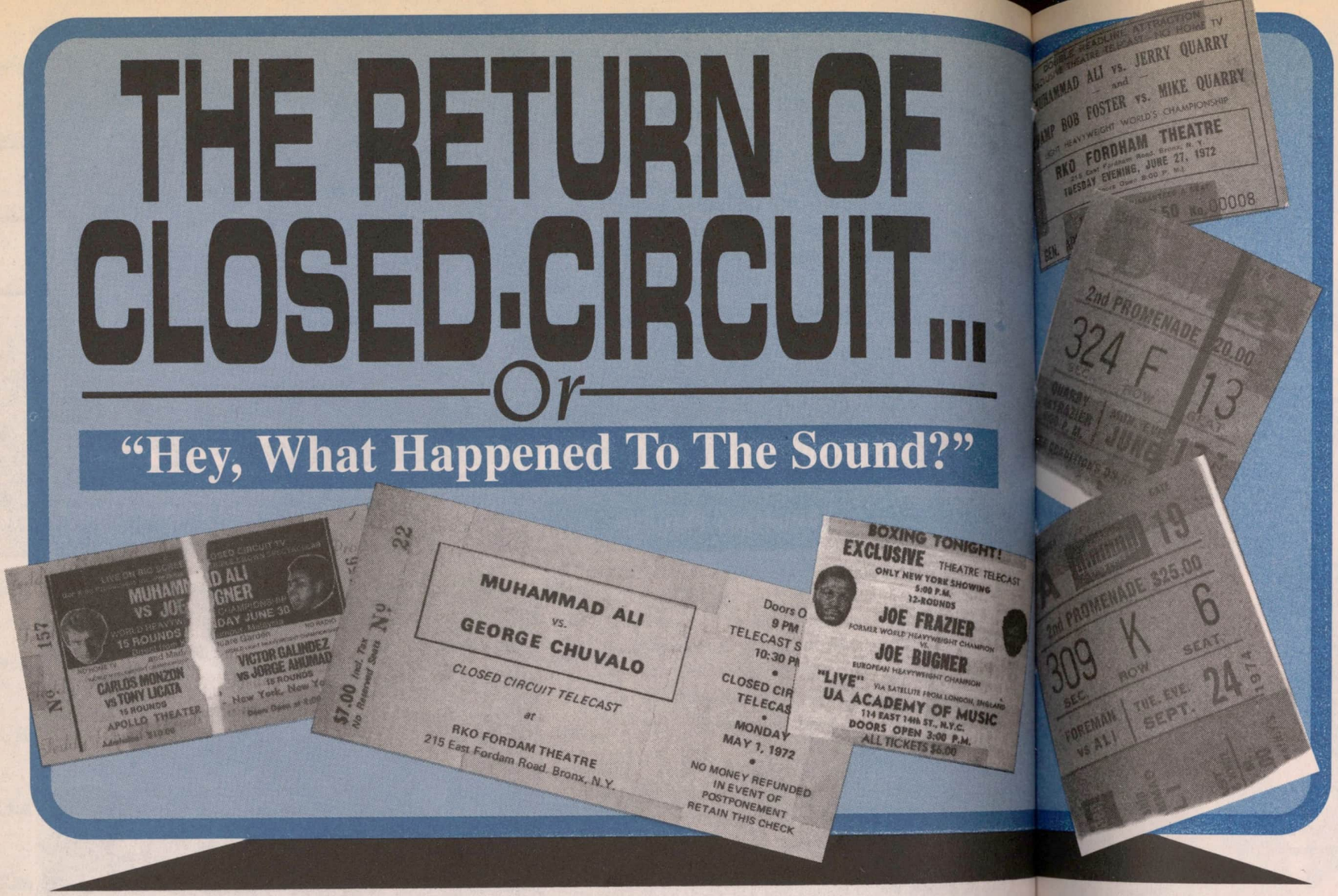


Malinga's chief weapon was his sterling jab, as is suggested by Benn's swollen right eye (above). The defending champion's only moment came in the fifth, when he dropped the South African with a right .

THE RETURN OF CLOSED-CIRCUIT...

Or

"Hey, What Happened To The Sound?"



By Anthony Carter Paige

When Bob Arum announced that the June 7 superfight between WBC super lightweight champion Julio Cesar Chavez and Oscar De La Hoya would be shown via closed-circuit TV, and not pay-per-view, it brought back memories of the '70s and early-'80s, when most of the big bouts were closed-circuit events. Were they the good old days? Depends on your definition of good.

Pay-per-view is so easy. Invite a few friends over, have them bring beer and pretzels or put a few bucks in a jar and—ba-bing—you have an instant boxing party.

For those of you too young to have experienced it, closed-circuit was just a bit different. The venue was usually some decrepit movie theater or cavernous arena. Just you and a few thousand of your rowdy friends.

When I first heard Chavez-De La Hoya was going to be closed-circuit, I thought about some of my experiences, like Muhammad Ali-Mac Foster in 1972. I watched that fight at the Audubon Ballroom in Manhattan, where Malcolm X had been assassinated seven years earlier. The picture from Tokyo came in backward, which means we watched Ali circling *counter*clockwise and repeatedly throwing a *right* jab. Then I thought back to another 1972 show, the Soul Brothers (Muhammad Ali and Bob Foster) vs. the Quarry Brothers (Jerry and Mike) at the RKO Fordham Theater in the Bronx. I was barely able to see the movie screen through the thick, stinky cigarette smoke. (I think the Soul Brothers both won, but I'm still not sure.) If I ever get lung cancer, I'll blame it on that night.

Some of my other most excellent closed-circuit adventures, with ticket price listed when possible:

Joe Frazier W 15 Muhammad Ali, South Bronx movie theater, March 8, 1971 ($25): After waiting in the cold for two hours, I was finally let in to my first-ever closed-circuit fight in some long-forgotten theater in the South Bronx. The ticket cost a lot of money for a high school senior, but I was determined to witness The Fight of the Century. Little did I know there were to be many more Fights of the Century to come.

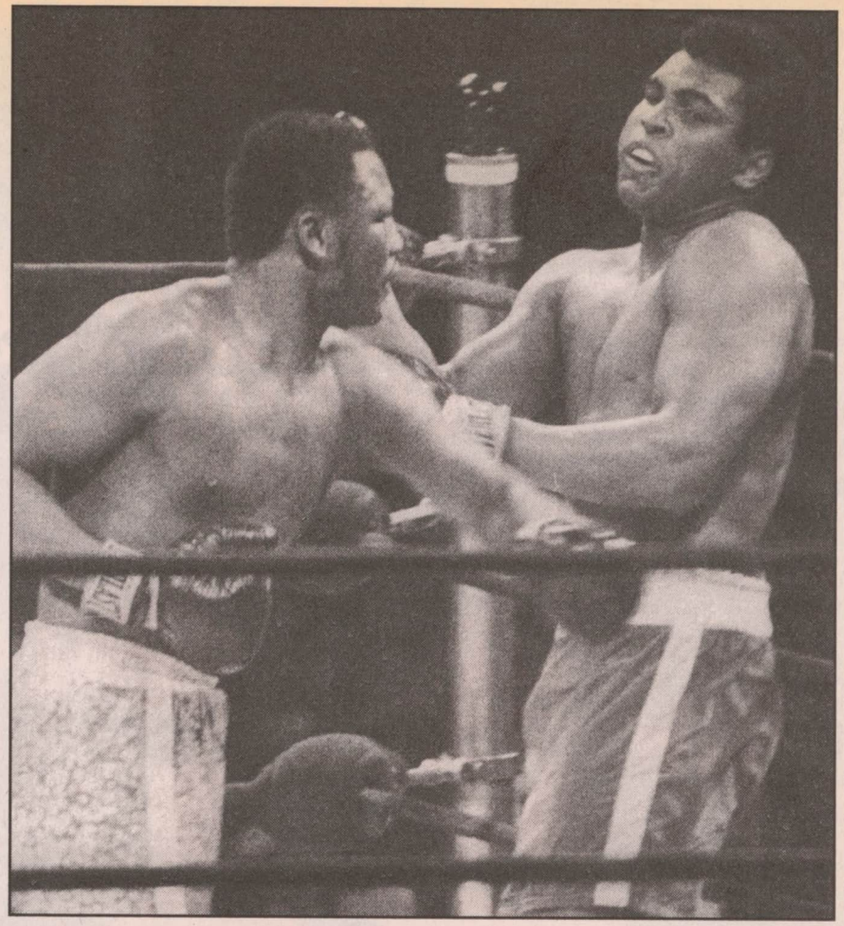
While the crowd waited for the main event, we were shown no undercard bouts, no films, and no cartoons. With the opening bell about an hour away, a grid pattern appeared, with a cursor slowly moving across the fuzzy and grainy black-and-white screen. We started cheering for the cursor. That's how bored—and excited—the crowd was.

When a picture finally appeared, it was '70s technology in all its glory. Twenty-five dollars for black-and-white? I thought I had gone deaf because I couldn't hear any audio. All I saw—or could make out—was Ali in his dressing room. He was about to reveal the round in which he was going to knock out "Smokin' Joe."

"Hey, where's the sound?" screamed a fan.

"Shaddup!" somebody answered, and we all strained to hear Ali. I couldn't read lips, but "The Greatest" helped us by holding up a piece of paper that read "Ali in 7."

(Continued on page 63)



For all but 20,000 very fortunate fans who attended the bout live, Joe Frazier-Muhammad Ali I was a closed-circuit experience. If you think George Foreman is miscast as an analyst for HBO, you should've heard Burt Lancaster, who called "The Fight" with Don Dunphy.

Referee Jay Edson stopped Muhammad Ali's July 1971 fight with Jimmy Ellis in the 12th round, but for veteran closed-circuit viewer Paige, the fight ended much earlier, when the transmitter at the Harlem Armory blew up. Such was Paige's view of Ali's first fight after his loss to Joe Frazier.

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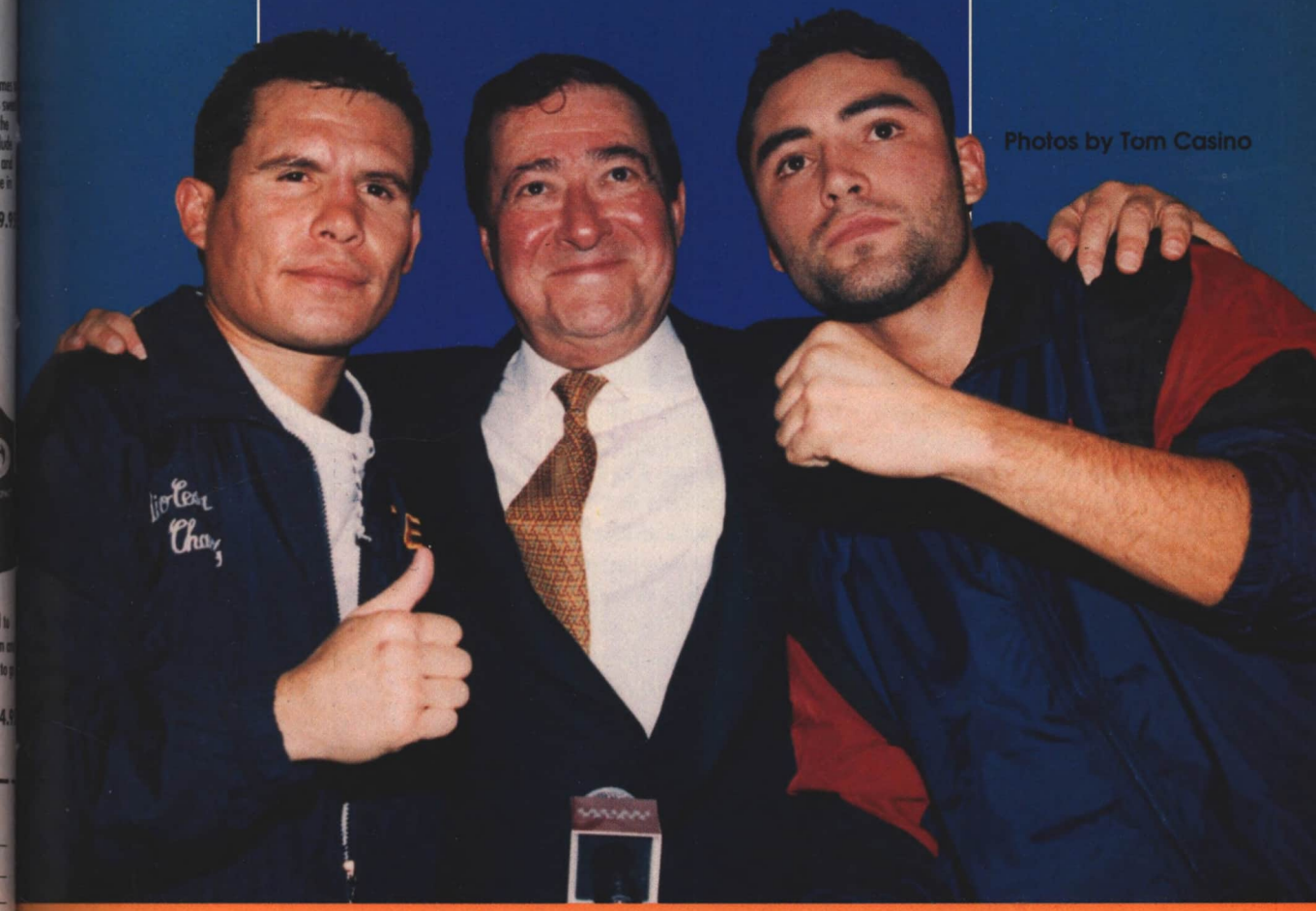
IS DE LA HOYA'S VICTORY ALREADY IN THE BOOKS?

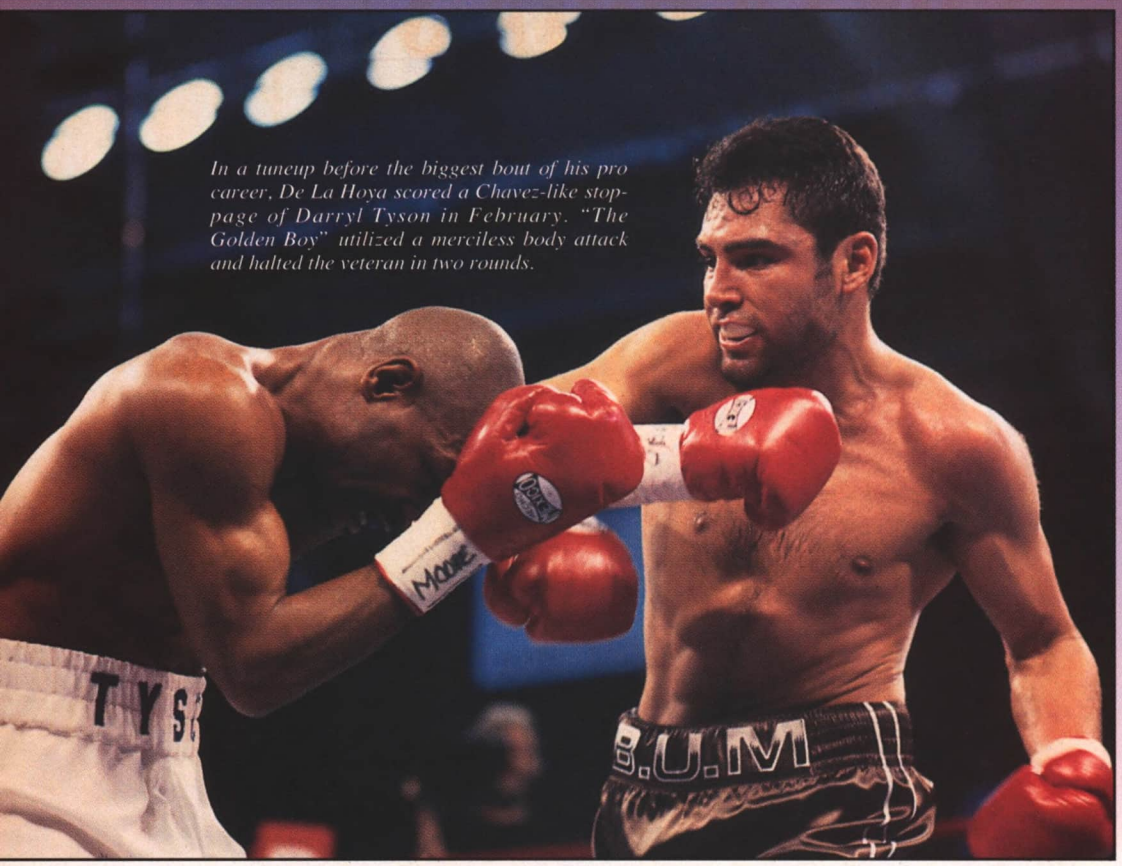


Photos by Tom Casino

History Says Chavez Is Going Down

By Nigel Collins

There are certain reoccurring themes that echo through boxing history. The names and circumstances change, but the essence remains the same. These themes are as inevitable as the phases of the moon, but unlike the lunar cycle, cannot be forecast with exactitude. Still, a careful examination of past manifestations often reveals clues to the future. Such is the case with the much-anticipated showdown between Julio Cesar Chavez and Oscar De La Hoya on June 7 at Caesars Palace. It is the latest reincarnation of one of boxing's most venerable melodramas—The Young Turk vs. The Golden Oldie.



In a tuneup before the biggest bout of his pro career, De La Hoya scored a Chavez-like stoppage of Darryl Tyson in February. "The Golden Boy" utilized a merciless body attack and halted the veteran in two rounds.

The grizzled champion is customarily the fan favorite in these instances. Despite the pitiless nature of the sport, boxing devotees are a sentimental lot, and once a fighter has earned their affection, they tend to blindly support him regardless of the telltale signs of deterioration. But sentimentality doesn't count for much once the bell rings.

***

John L. Sullivan was America's first sports superstar, a wildly popular hero who had ruled the heavyweight division with impunity for almost a decade when he entered the ring at the Olympic Club in New Orleans on the evening of September 7, 1892. Few among the capacity crowd gave upstart challenger James J. Corbett much of a chance of toppling the mighty John L. from the throne he had occupied with such regal disdain. Even the wise guys, gamblers supposedly in the know, were solidly in the champion's camp, and had installed him as a 4-1 favorite to send the former bank clerk packing.

Reality struck with the first left jab that Corbett planted on Sullivan's massive head. The challenger completely outclassed the paunchy, aging champion, gradually reducing him to a defenseless target. An hour and 20 minutes after the fight began, Sullivan lay on the ring floor, his blood soaking into the turf. It was a sobering moment for those who had supported "The Boston Strongboy" with both their hearts and money ... a moment that should have been remembered by all who would turn a blind eye to the march of time and the inevitable decline in physical prowess that accompanies it.

***

There are, however, several significant differences between Sullivan and Chavez. While Chavez, 96-1-1 (78), has been known to chug down a six-pack or two, he is not the hopeless alcoholic Sullivan had become by the time Corbett debunked his myth of invincibility. John L. had also grown soft with inactivity. For more than three years prior to his fateful meeting with Corbett, he had been satisfied to box exhibitions and tour the country in a series of theatrical productions. Chavez, on the other hand, has fought 14 times in the last three years, wisely sticking close to the sport that made him famous, all the while inching closer and closer to the 100 wins he so badly wants to tally before hanging up his gloves for good.

Although a busy schedule has kept Chavez relatively sharp, it has also aggravated a series of nagging injuries that have hampered him for a number of years. According to Fernando Paramo, Sports Editor of *La Opinion*, Chavez has been bothered by an ankle injury since winning the WBC super lightweight title in 1988. The Mexican icon also suffers from a chronically painful right hand that he originally hurt, ironically enough, in a sparring session with De La Hoya. Most fighters suffer from these sort of ailments, but injuries are easier to shrug off at age 23 than at 33 (Chavez will turn 34 on July 12).

Still, as the old saying goes, age is just a number. A 45-year-old George Foreman discovered the Fountain of Youth long enough to knock out Michael Moorer. Other pugs find themselves old before their time.

***

Barney Ross, a slight 6-5 favorite, was only 28 years old when he entered the ring to defend the welterweight title against Henry Armstrong on May 31, 1938, but the 80 fights he'd packed into nine years as a pro had already taken more of a toll than anyone suspected.

Armstrong tore into Ross with a perpetual motion attack, hammering one of his eyes shut, bloodying his mouth, and raising a multitude of red welts all over his body. Ross' fighting heart kept him on his fe

until the final bell, but years later Armstrong claimed that he'd carried his badly battered opponent the last three rounds, pulling his punches so the brave champion could finish on his feet. Ross had gone from the top of the charts to a Golden Oldie overnight, and he never fought again.

***

Both Ross and Armstrong are now enshrined in the International Boxing Hall of Fame, and Chavez is a lock to join them after his career is over. De La Hoya is another story. Despite his Olympic gold medal and 21-bout romp through the pro ranks, he's still a relative novice. A quartet of impressive victories over John-John Molina (W 12), Rafael Ruelas (KO 2), Genaro Hernandez (KO 6), and Jesse James Leija (KO 2) in '95 convinced most skeptics that "The Golden Boy" is for real, but a win over Chavez sure would certainly add a dash of distinction to his resume.

As if feeling the need to match De La Hoya's kayo of Tyson, Chavez chopped down Scott "Pink Cat" Walker in two rounds. On June 7, he'll try to chop down a younger, bigger, and presumably harder-hitting opponent.

Despite the advantages of youth, De La Hoya is in a no-win situation in one sense: Regardless of which side of the border they live, both Mexican and Mexican-American fans usually root for the Mexican national, and in this case that's Chavez. If De La Hoya loses, he'll be written off as a manufactured fighter who couldn't win the big one. But if he wins, especially in an emphatic, cold-blooded manner, some of the Mexican fans will probably never forgive him. True, there have been occasions when the conqueror

(Continued on page 53)

THE RING STAFF PICKS THE WINNER

Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood

"Unlike a lot of big hitters, De La Hoya will carry his power with him as he moves up in weight. He's simply too big for Chavez, and he'll knock out the legend with a left hook in round six."

Managing Editor Nigel Collins

"'The Golden Boy' is too young, too fast, and hits too hard for the over-the-hill 'J.C. Superstar' to handle. And after his 'No Mas' in the second Frankie Randall fight, I question Chavez' resolve. De La Hoya by eighth-round kayo."

Associate Editor Eric Karabell

"There's little doubt which fighter is on the rise here, but don't sell Chavez short. He'll bully his way through rounds, although he'll lose most of them. This is De La Hoya W 12 John-John Molina all over again, just not quite as dirty."

Las Vegas Correspondent Jack Welsh

"This one will be won or lost in the trenches. Like Darryl Tyson said, De La Hoya hits like a hammer big-time to the body. Chavez is no slouch himself in that regard, but he'll understand Tyson better when he gets nailed halfway through the 11th."

Associate Publisher Stu Saks

"As much as De La Hoya respects Chavez, I don't think he can possibly understand what can result when a man who still has a great deal of talent, heart, and pride feels he is about to be run over by a bandwagon being driven by a 23-year-old who is on the verge of displacing him as the supertstar of the lighter-weight fighters. The 'old man' wins by split decision."

Columnist Jeff Ryan

"De La Hoya's edges in speed, size, and power will be obstacles a faded Chavez can't overcome with just brains and a body attack. The pick is De La Hoya by eighth-round knockout, with 'The Golden Boy' impressing even more with his early-rounds patience and technical skill than with the middle-rounds bombs that seal Chavez' doom."

Badder Than Bruno

But What About Bowe?

TYSON MUST TAKE THE BIG STEP NOW!

Photo by Jay Lash

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

By Steve Farhood

Funny how quickly a fighter can forget everything he's been taught, and everything he's taught his body. For Frank Bruno, all that training, all that strategy, all that running up Mt. Teide in the Canary Islands with Nigel Benn, all of it was forgotten as soon as he was reminded of the ferocity of Mike Tyson's attack. This was Desert Swarm, and from the start, Bruno's reaction to every combination of crippling punches was instinctive: He held and hoped until he fell.

Afterward, some wondered how a veteran, indeed, a world champion, could fight so timidly. There's a simple explanation: Tyson can have that effect on people. Still.

As he left the ring, Tyson paused on the apron and forcefully threw kisses to the sellout crowd of 16,693 at the MGM Grand Garden Arena. His release of emotion was apparently cathartic, and he

Photo by John Gichigi/Allsport

Laura Bruno, the defending champion's wife, was among those who made Big Frank feel at home in the desert. Bruno's supporters numbered as many as 5,000.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Tyson's blows were overwhelming, and Bruno seemed out of his depth after only a few seconds in the opening round. "Iron Mike" threw in combination, and all of his punches carried bad intentions. Indeed, Tyson proved he was again baddest man on the planet.

tensed his muscles and repeatedly pointed to the championship belt that adorned his waist for the first time in six years. Like the powerpunches that broke Bruno, the flaunting of his belt, the kisses, and the bodybuilder poses served to emphasize not only that he's fighting again, but that Tyson is Tyson again.

Replay the action and it's difficult not to conclude that Tyson has regained his status as baddest man on the planet. But that alone doesn't make him the best heavyweight. And while Don King and Team Tyson may not want to admit it, unifying the title isn't necessarily going to make him number one. If there's one thing the Bruno fight proved, it's that instead of scheduling Bruce Seldon and Frans Botha, Tyson should be aiming for Riddick Bowe, or at least Lennox Lewis. It's time to get serious.

It's no longer acceptable for Tyson to excuse himself by saying he'll fight whoever Don King puts in front of him. The first time around, "Iron Mike" distinguished himself by doing something most champions talk about, but few attempt: He cleaned out the division. No one was spared. Bonecrusher Smith wasn't deemed too dangerous, Larry Holmes too smart, or Michael Spinks too slick. This time? Up to this point, the progression of opponents, from laughably overmatched clubfighter Peter McNeeley, to limited fringe contender Buster Mathis Jr., to legitimate top-10er and WBC champion Bruno, has been logical. But Seldon and especially Botha would be backward steps.

It's understood that economics and politics dictated King to subtitle The Second Coming as *All In The Family*, but it's not as if Tyson-Bowe or Tyson-Lewis will be bottom-line flops. In fact, either matchup is likely to break the magic $100-million mark and set pay-per-view records.

When it comes to the really big fights, history should long ago have taught promoters, managers, and fighters to apply a use-it-or-lose-it mentality. Maybe, just maybe, by initiating negotiations for a Tyson-Bowe fight, King would be serving the best interests of not only Tyson's fans, but Tyson, too.

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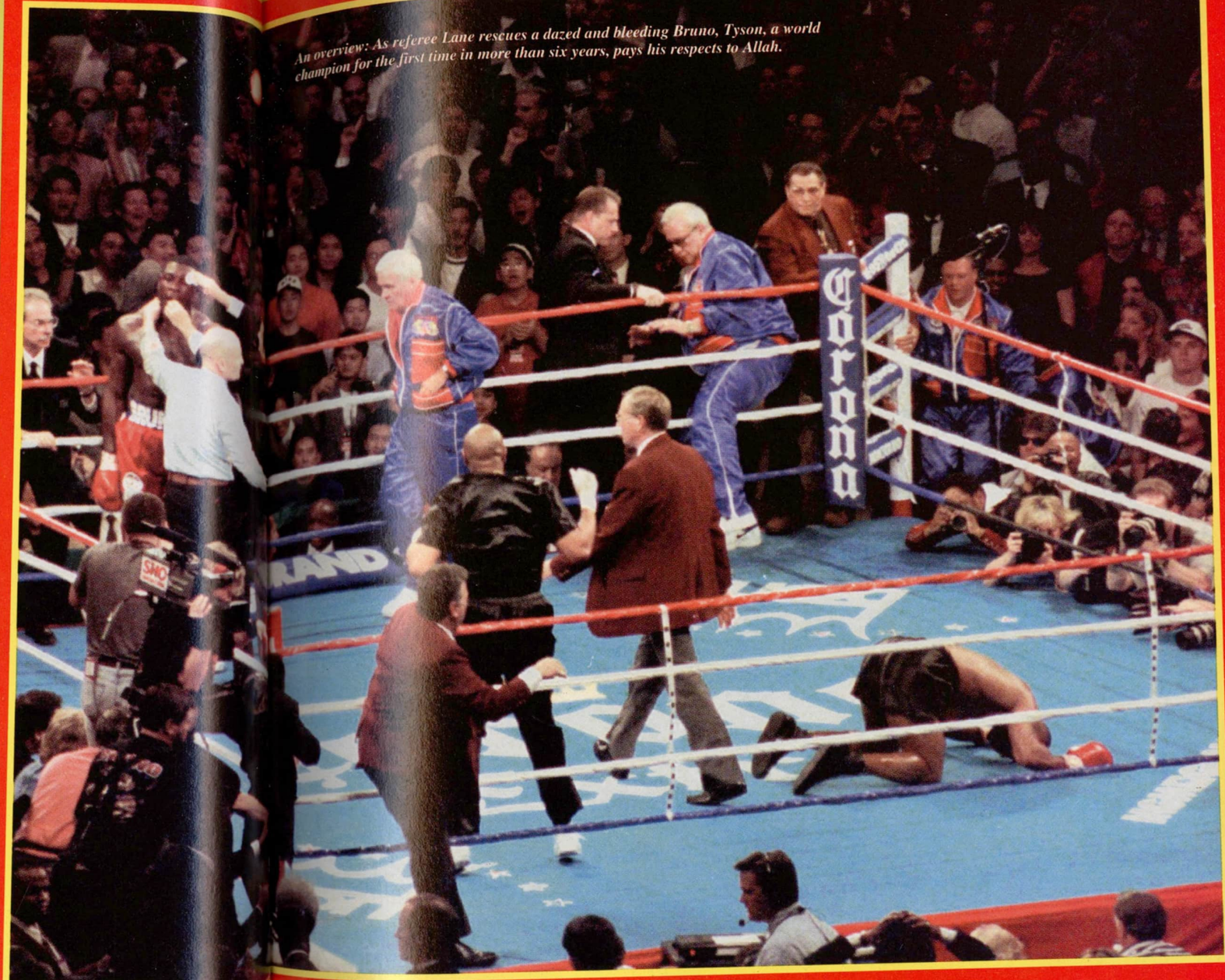
On March 16, Tyson and England's Bruno contributed to the madness of the month by engaging in a revolutionary war. It was revolutionary only in terms of the



An overview: As referee Lane rescues a dazed and bleeding Bruno, Tyson, a world champion for the first time in more than six years, pays his respects to Allah.

Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

◦ *Bruno connected with only two or three solid shots, and Tyson was never threatened. Many experts gave the champion a chance because of his size and power. Under Tyson's ceaseless attack, however, Bruno not only seemed harmless, he was harmless.*

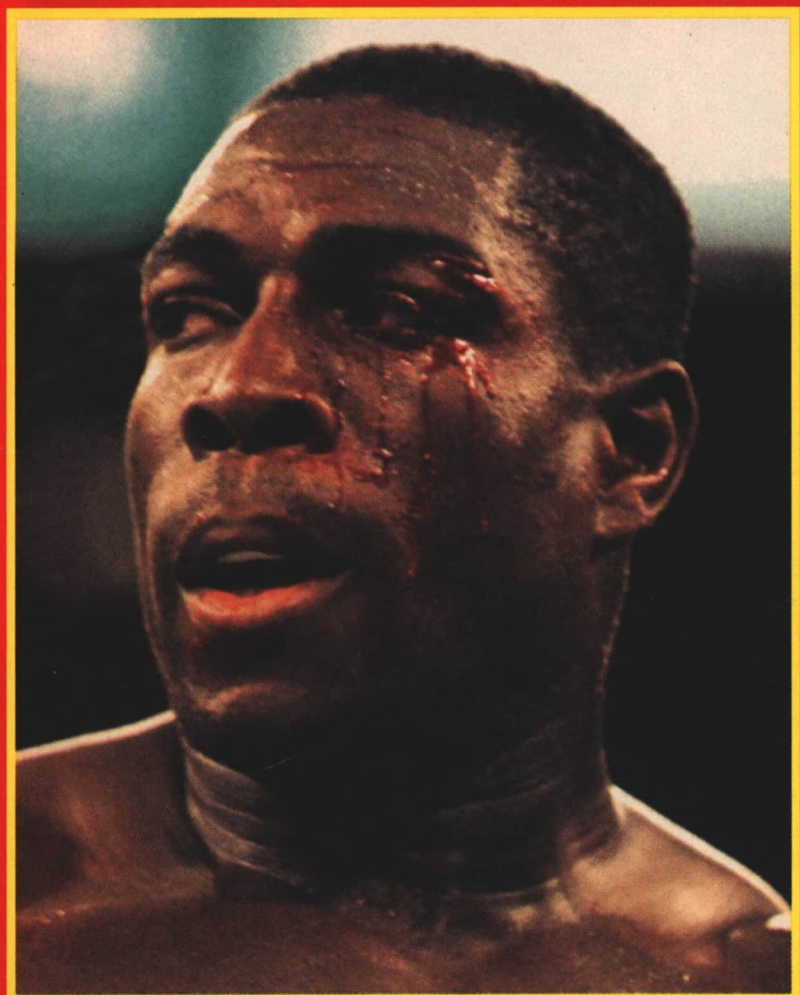


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

An inch-long cut plainly evident, Bruno absorbed a full fight's beating in less than three rounds. He'll fight on, encouraged by Don King's promise to deliver another shot at world honors.

purse structure: Never before had a defending champion earned one-fifth as much as the challenger. Bruno bitched about the money; he was particularly perturbed that he wasn't in for a cut of the British pay-per-view revenues. But his $6-million payday was a career best, and Tyson's take of $30-million broke the previous record of $24.1-million, pocketed by Buster Douglas for his 1990 title fight with Evander Holyfield.

The scene in Las Vegas was charged, and not just because of the start of the NCAA basketball tournament or the attendance of the obligatory celebrities. (All weigh-ins should include the Wayans brothers.) About 5,000 of Big Frank's countrymen crossed the pond, and their fanaticism was evident at every turn. They painted their faces in the colors of the flag, waved giant Union Jacks, and sung and chanted the praises of their hero. Some waited as much as five hours for a bleacher seat at the weigh-in. Had Bruno, a 5-1 underdog at fight time, pulled off the upset, President Clinton would have instantly signed over the 50 states to Prime Minister Major.

For the first time in 10 years, or since he challenged Trevor Berbick in 1986, Tyson, 220, Catskill, New York, preceded his opponent into the ring. Bruno, 247, London, England, was greeted with almost as much enthusiasm as the challenger, but he seemed oblivious. He wore a concerned look during the playing of "God Save The Queen," and kept crossing himself as if sensing the need for divine intervention.

After American referee Mills Lane barked "Let's get it on!", the opening bell sounded at precisely nine o'clock local time. For the next 6 minutes, 50 seconds, one fighter hammered away while the other clinched. Tyson's first three salvos, a pair of lead rights and a left-right, were message punches, and Bruno got it. When Bruno jabbed, he did so as if more concerned with moving out of Tyson's punching range than connecting. And when he crossed, he mostly missed.

When the 29-year-old Tyson, 44-1 (38), landed a long right, Bruno, 40-5 (38), widened his stance to keep his feet. The fight wasn't 30 seconds old before the champion switched to survival mode. He clinched an incredible 15 times in the first

(Continued on page 54)

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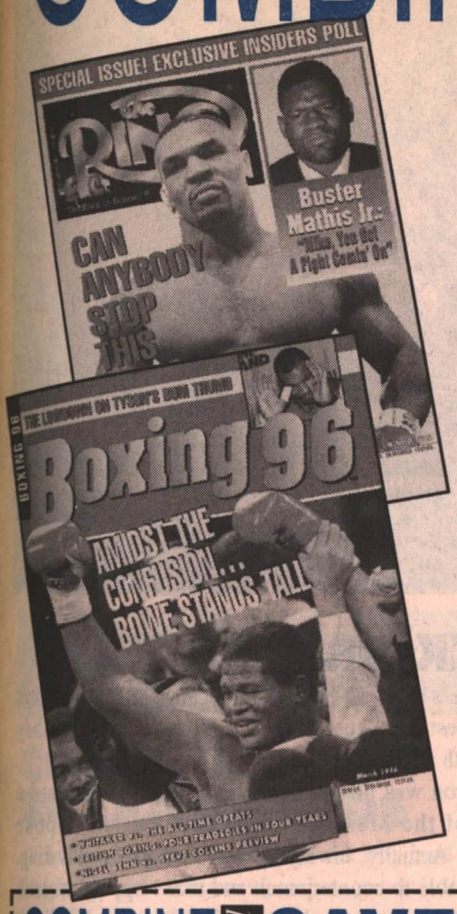

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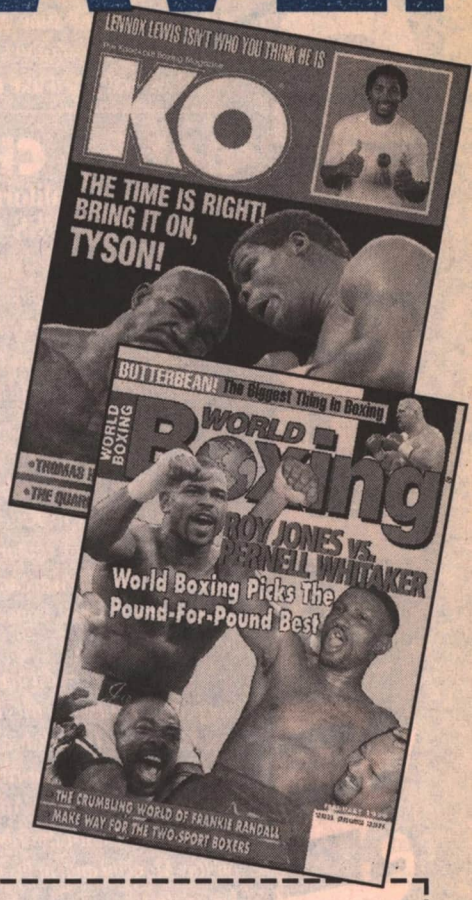

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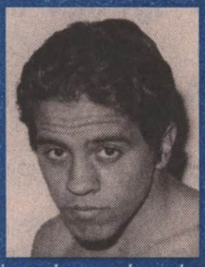
BATTLE of the LEGENDS

Featherweights

Fight fans will forever debate the merits of champions who never met in the ring. In "Battle of the Legends," the editors of THE RING play matchmaker and pit two of the all-time greats against each other. Three experts serve as judges. If there are particular dream matches that you'd like to see featured, write to us.

Bobby Chacon

Los Angeles, California
Career: 1972-1988
59-7-1 with 47 kayos



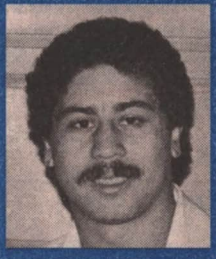
Among the most popular fighters in Southern California boxing history, "Schoolboy" Chacon won titles at two weights and thrilled fans for two decades.

The charismatic Chacon used an in-and-out style and a booming right hand to win his first 19 bouts. He rebounded from a 1973 loss to Ruben Olivares to kayo hot prospect Danny Lopez, then capture the WBC featherweight title by stopping Alfredo Marcano in 1974. After one successful defense, he drained himself to make weight and was again halted by Olivares.

Chacon's second career came at 130 pounds. He was stopped in his first two tries at the world title (by Alexis Arguello and Cornelius Boza-Edwards), but found himself third-time lucky, outpointing arch-rival and defending WBC champion Bazooka Limon in 1982. After retaining the title in a memorable rematch with Boza-Edwards, he challenged lightweight champion Ray Mancini and, in his last title fight, suffered a third-round kayo defeat.

Wilfredo Gomez

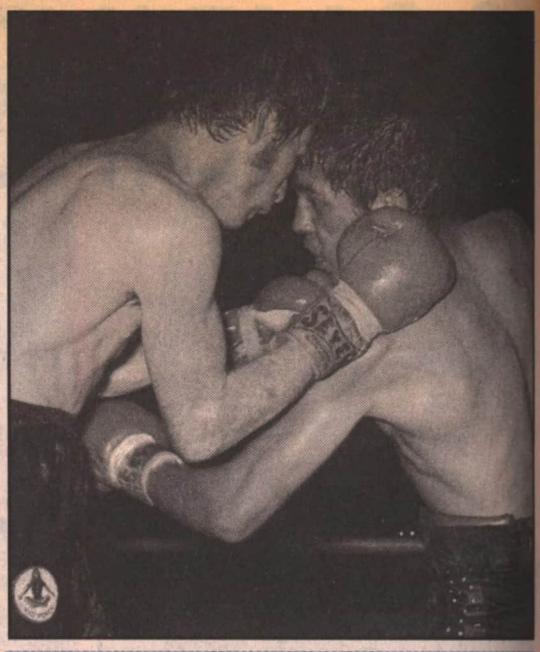
Las Monjas, Puerto Rico
Career: 1974-1986; 1988-1989
44-3-1 with 42 kayos



Combining exquisite boxing skills with bonebreaking power, triple-crown champion Gomez peaked during his record-setting reign at 122 pounds. He won the WBC title in 1977, halting Dong Kyun Yum, and made 17 successful defenses, all by kayo. Among his victims were bantamweight greats Carlos Zarate and Lupe Pintor.

Gomez failed in his first try at featherweight honors, suffering a stoppage loss to Salvador Sanchez in 1981, but dethroned WBC champion Juan LaPorte by one-sided decision in 1984. He lost the title in his first defense, to Azumah Nelson, then, in 1985, captured the WBA junior lightweight title by controversial decision over Rocky Lockridge. Well past his prime, he again lost the crown in his first defense, to Alfredo Layne.

In all, Gomez fought 12 world champions, besting nine of them. In the late-'70s, he was ranked among the best fighters, pound-for-pound, in the world.



In a 1974 battle of future world champions, Chacon scored a ninth-round stoppage of Danny "Little Red" Lopez, who climbed through the ropes with a record of 23-0.

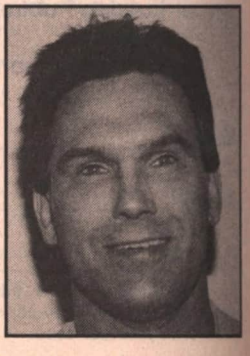
JACK OBERMAYER

There's a caveat here: Both fighters weren't always in the best of shape, but I'll address them as if they were both at 100 percent.

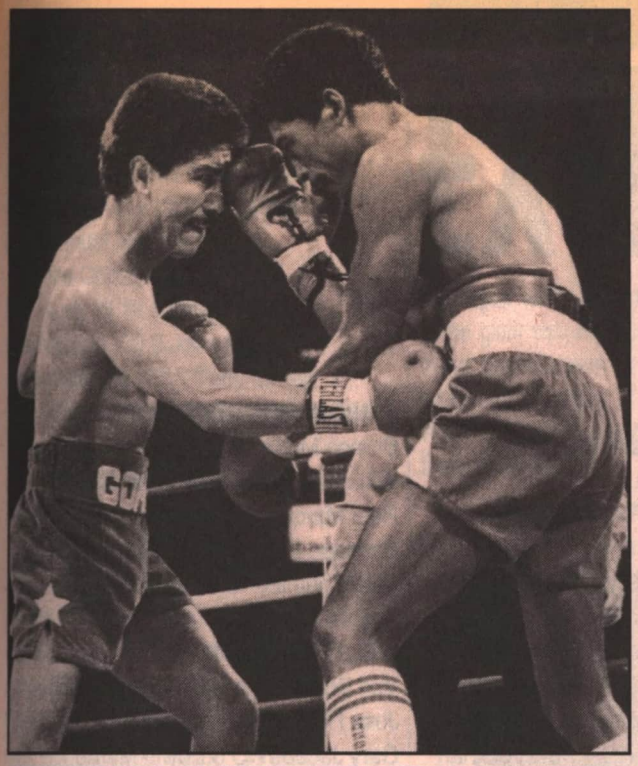
Chacon was this charismatic young kid who had a touch of the Mexican machismo, but also spoke English. Actually, his style wasn't all that captivating. He was able to counterpunch and make opponents look bad. That's how he took Danny Lopez apart. He didn't appear to be a puncher, but he'd sting you with quick, sneaky punches. What made him effective was that he was able to time his punches.

Gomez was a two-fisted puncher who used angles to attack. He gave a variety of offensive moves, and more often than not, he'd take the initiative, which in this case would work in Chacon's favor. He wasn't the greatest defensive fighter, but he wasn't a stumblebum either. I tend to think he was past his prime at featherweight. Like Chacon, he cut corners and cheated himself.

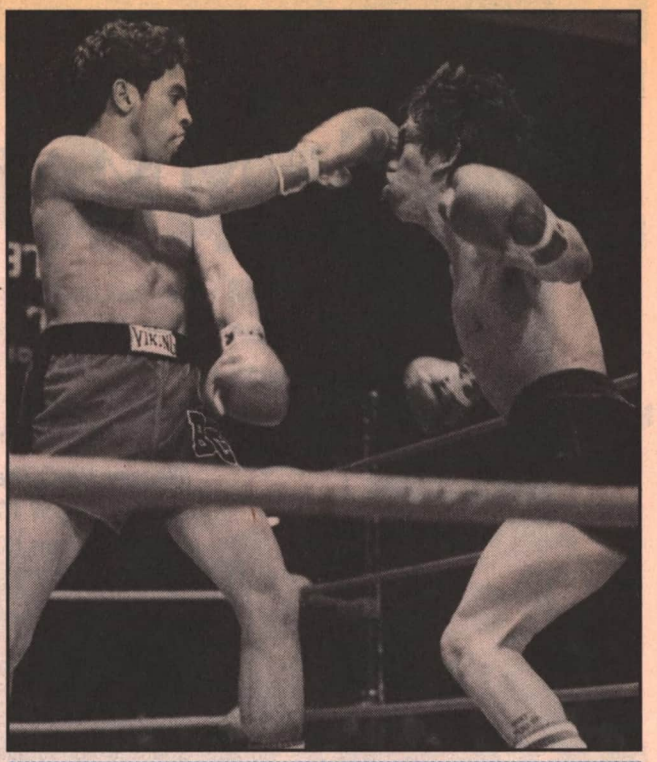
Chacon had better talent and a better punch. What more could you want? Neither had the greatest chin, but I see it as a distance fight, with Chacon's sharpshooting keeping Gomez at bay. Chacon by three or four points.



Jack Obermayer has been a boxing writer and correspondent for more than 25 years.



In one of the most dazzling performances of his career, Gomez overwhelmed Juan LaPorte and won the WBC featherweight title by 12-round decision in 1984. He also won titles at 122 and 130 pounds



Chacon slaps Tury Pineda during their 1973 bout in Los Angeles. A pro for only 12 months, "The Schoolboy" advanced to 16-0 by scoring a fifth-round kayo. He would go on to win titles at two weights.

CORNELIUS BOZA-EDWARDS

In his younger days, Chacon was very hard to hit. By the time I fought him, his reflexes weren't as good. I remember watching a tape of our first fight before the rematch and thinking, *I beat him before; this should be a slaughter.* But like Ali, he'd give you his head with no protection and make you throw, and then counter. It worked perfectly, and I fell for it again and again. Chacon was a good right-hand puncher and was underrated defensively. And, of course, he had amazing endurance and heart.

Gomez reminded me of another Puerto Rican champion, Edwin Rosario. He was a crowd-pleaser who liked to slug it out. When he got you in trouble, he would finish you. But I think he was at his best at junior featherweight. I remember when he challenged Salvador Sanchez for the featherweight title. After he got knocked out, I thought to myself, *What was the big fuss with this guy?*

These fighters measure up pretty well because they both have a lot of heart. But as long as he stays in the center of the ring, Chacon would have no trouble finding Gomez. Gomez would hang in there until the eighth, ninth, or 10th round. Chacon by stoppage.

Cornelius Boza-Edwards is a matchmaker at the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas. He split a pair of title bouts with Chacon, winning by 13th-round stoppage in 1981, and losing on points in '83.

GRANT "ELVIS" PHILLIPS

Chacon was a really exciting fighter. He had a lot more talent than people knew about, and he would've had a lot better career had he been less of a screw-up. The problem was keeping him focused and in the gym. He was a good brawler who could be smart when he wanted to. But it was inside him to be a brawler. He had a pair of balls big enough for a lion. He was a good, solid fighter, a quick counterpuncher with a big right hand. But he was erratic, as was proven in his fights with Ruben Olivares.

Gomez was a devastating puncher with both hands and also a tremendous boxer. He's not given enough credit for his defense because he overwhelmed so many guys. He could dip all the way down to the canvas to make people miss like Pernell Whitaker does. He was a lot better at 122 pounds than 126, but really the only featherweight of his era he couldn't handle was Salvador Sanchez, who was a legend and an all-time great. At his prime, pound-for-pound, Gomez was right up there with anybody.

The Gomez that fought Carlos Zarate would've been too slick and too hard a puncher for Chacon. The fight would turn into a brawl, and Chacon could be put down and knocked out. Gomez by TKO on cuts in the late rounds.

Grant "Elvis" Phillips helped train Juan Meza, a kayo loser to Gomez in 1982. He currently manages, among others, Luis Santana and Leslie Stewart.

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Mike Tyson KO 3 Frank Bruno
(Regains WBC Title)
James Toney W 10 Richard Mason
Jeremy Williams KO 1 Arthur Weathers
Darroll Wilson KO 3 Shannon Briggs
David Tua KO 1 John Ruiz
Andrew Golota KO 8 Danell Nicholson
Obed Sullivan KO 2 Olian Alexander
Kirk Johnson KO 1 Mike Dixon
Courage Tshabalala KO 1 Paul Lockhart
Brian Nielsen KO 2 Jeff Lally
Jorge Valdes W 10 Herman Delgado
Jason Waller W 10 Shane Sutcliffe
Scott Welch KO 6 Joe Bugner
Alonzo Highsmith KO 1 Jim Mullen
Butterbean KO 1 James Baker

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Robert Daniels W 10 Mike Sedillo
Terry Ray W 10 Robert Clevenger

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Lupe Aquino W 10 Augustin Renteria
Earl Butler W 10 Rocky Gannon

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Sugarboy Malinga W 12 Nigel Benn
(Wins WBC Title)
Steve Collins KO 11 Neville Brown
Joe Calzaghe KO 2 Anthony Brooks
Charles Brewer W 12 Frank Rhodes

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Bernard Hopkins KO 4 Joe Lipsey
(Retains IBF Title)
Keith Holmes KO 9 Quincy Taylor
(Wins WBC Title)
Aaron Davis KO 2 Greg Cadiz

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Bronco McKart KO 9 Santos Cardona
Winky Wright W 12 Andrew Council
Raul Marquez W 12 Skipper Kelp
Santiago Sarmaniego KO 2 Arthur Allen
Nika Khumalo W 10 Verdell Smith

WELTERWEIGHTS
Yori Boy Campas W 12 Ray Collins
Jose Rivera KO 5 Sal Lopez
Gary Jacobs KO 5 Edwin Murillo
Dingaan Thobela KO 3 Booker Kidd
Alfred Ankamah KO 2 Filiberto Castro
Gary Murray KO 6 Larry LaCoursiere
Rowdy Welch W 10 Stan Cunningham
Jimmi Bredahl W 9 Joseph Chavez
Edwin Murillo Tech. Dec. 8 Maxim Nesterenko

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Miguel Angel Gonzalez W 10 Ramon Marchena
Gabe Ruelas W 10 Jose Luis Herrera
Giovanni Parisi KO 8 Sammy Fuentes
Marty Jakubowski KO 5 Marvin Williams
Fabian Tejeda W 10 Ruben Castillo
Leonardo Mas KO 2 Darrett Crockett
Jeff Mayweather D 8 Paquito Openio

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Joel Diaz KO 1 Gabriel Palafox
Tony Miller KO 12 Darrell Hiles

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Tom Johnson KO 12 Ever Beleno
(Retains IBF Title)
Luisito Espinosa KO 4 Alejandro Gonzalez
(Retains WBC Title)

Naseem Hamed KO 1 Said Lawal
Cesar Soto KO 2 Lazaro Padilla
Juan Manuel Marquez KO 4
Ulises Chong
Billy Hardy W 12 Michael Alldis
Luis Navarro KO 3 Jose Morales
Angel Vasquez KO 1 Tony Green
Victor Polo KO 3 Reynaldo Campa

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Daniel Zaragoza KO 11
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi
(Retains WBC Title)
Rafael Del Valle KO 10 Ramon Guzman
Neil Swain W 12 Nathan Sting
Angel Chacon W 12 Jesus Chavez
Harold Mestre KO 3 Elvin Mejia
Max Gomez W 12 Anton Gilmore

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Johnny Bredahl KO 2 Efrain Pintor
Cruz Carbajal KO 9 Jose Sarabia

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Danny Romero KO 1 Jose Quinones
Kiki Rojas W 12 David Griman
Oscar Arciniega KO 8 Ismael Rodriguez
Francisco Tejedor KO 3
Benedicto Murillo

FLYWEIGHTS
Michael Carbajal KO 7 Mauro Diaz

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Michael Carbajal W 12
Melchor Cob Castro
(Wins Vacant IBF Title)
Victor Burgos Tech. Dec. 11
Jose Luis Zepeda

STRAWWEIGHTS
Ricardo Lopez KO 8 Ala Villamor
(Retains WBC Title)

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

All the postfight attention was garnered by Nigel Benn, who knows how to work a crowd. After losing the WBC super middleweight title to Sugarboy Malinga in Newcastle, England, Benn grabbed the ring microphone, announced his retirement (he has since reconsidered), and then proposed to his girlfriend.

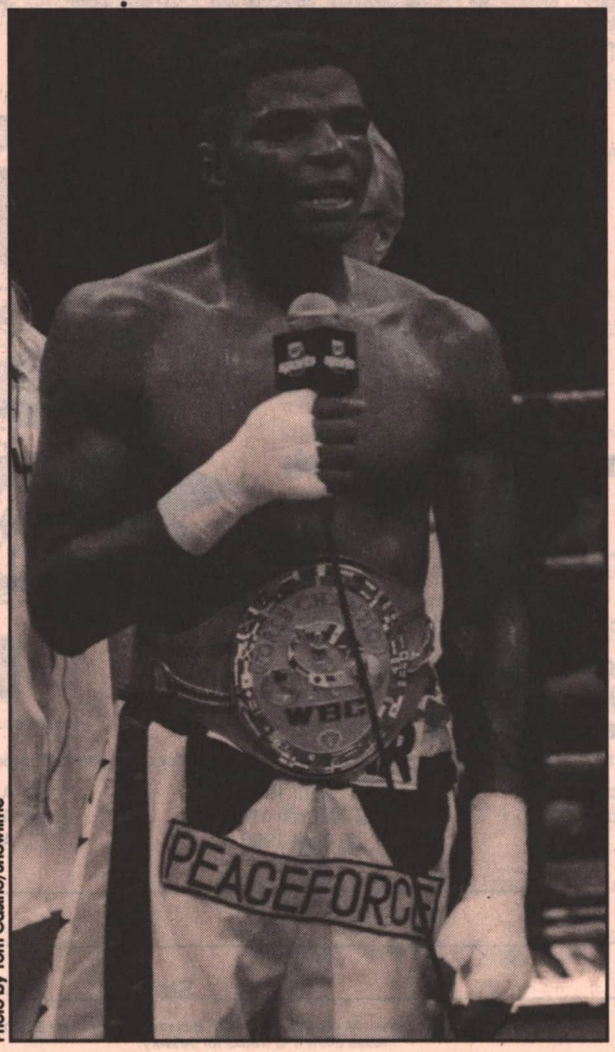


Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

Lost in the show was Malinga, who can't work a crowd for beans, but now knows how to win. The 36-year-old South African has always been skilled; his jab is among the division's best. But in the biggest bouts of his career, against Chris Eubank, Roy Jones, and Benn in 1992, he just never did enough.

Against Benn, Malinga never wavered from his fight plan. Fortunately, the judges didn't deny him a most deserved victory, which was earned the hard way—on the road. His bright smile told his feelings: Benn could have the crowd as long as he got to keep the belt.

• • • •

Sugarboy Malinga

Terry Norris KO 8 Vincent Pettway

Richmond, Virginia: After seeing Norris dominate passive Paul Vaden and dismiss no-hoper Jorge Luis Vado in his two most recent efforts, fans were hoping for some fireworks when "Terrible Terry" defended the WBC and IBF 154-pound titles against former champion Pettway at the Richmond Coliseum. But instead of a bristling shootout between two guys known for their strong punches and weak chins, the live crowd of approximately 10,000, and Fox's late-night television audience, saw another one-sided victory for Norris.

Pettway, 151, Baltimore, Maryland, who was making his first start since losing the IBF title to Vaden, was never really in the fight. Norris, 150¾, Campo, California, dropped him in the first round with a right, again in the third, and finished the 30-year-old challenger with a textbook left hook to the ribs 2:41 into the eighth.

"He tried to come out and box me; he should have come out brawling," said Norris. "He played my game. I hit him with some good bodyshots. On the first knockdown, I hit him on top of the head. He can't take a shot there."

Pettway's only moment came late in the third, when a hook and a right wobbled Norris. That aside, the biggest difference was the 28-year-old Norris' ability to beat Pettway to the punch. He repeatedly pulled the trigger on his right before Pettway, 38-6-1 (31), could get his hook out of the holster. And by the time referee Larry Doggette (USA) counted him out, Pettway was hopelessly behind and looked thoroughly dispirited.

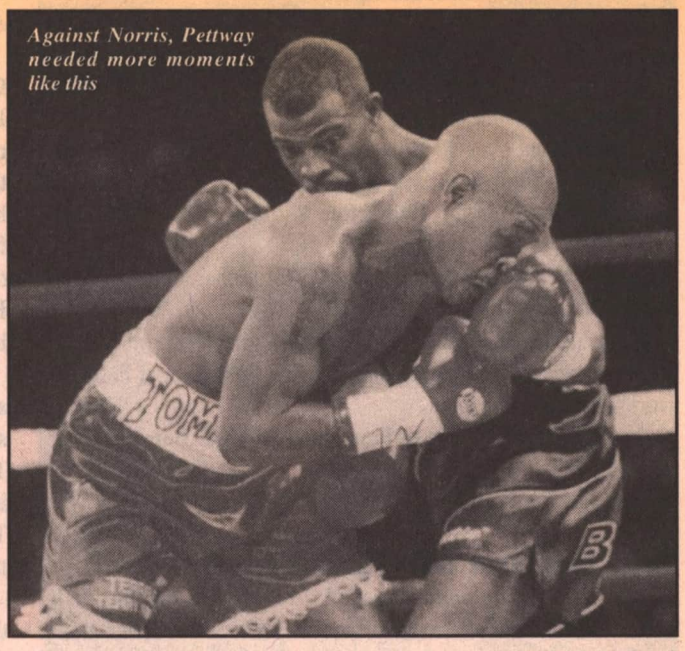
While Pettway mulled retirement afterward (a week later he said he had decided to fight on, perhaps as a welterweight), Norris, 43-6 (27), issued his umpteenth challenge to Pernell Whitaker. That fight isn't going to happen anytime soon, but Don King announced a unification match with WBA junior middleweight champion Julio Cesar Vasquez is in the works, though the date has yet to be set.

The judges were Angel Guzman (Puerto Rico), Wayne Peters (USA), and Beeba Exton (USA).

Promoter: Don King

(2-24-96)

Nigel Collins



Against Norris, Pettway needed more moments like this

Henry Maske W 12 Duran Williams

Dortmund, Germany: IBF light heavyweight champion Maske skillfully maneuvered his way to a unanimous decision over mandatory challenger Williams before 11,000 supporters at Westfallenhalle. It was his ninth defense.

Although he seemed to get tagged more frequently than is the norm, Maske, 174¾, Frankfurt, Germany, was clearly dominant, imposing his fight plan for much of the contest. Williams, 173, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, via Kingston, Jamaica, did manage to nail the German southpaw on a few occasions, most notably in the second round with a short right hand, but never with anything approaching the consistency required to knock Maske out of his calm and measured stride. The 32-year-old Maske nullified Williams' effectiveness by keeping him on the end of his strong and effective jab and covering up well whenever they got close. He had put this fight in the bag long before the finish.

The challenger started off with conviction and, after sharing honors in the first round, took charge in the second. Two-fisted assaults rained in on a suddenly beleaguered champion who, although evading most of the heavy artillery, was forced to accept some punishment. Williams was exerting the pressure needed in order to have any chance of taking the fight. But it did not last.

In the third, Maske, 29-0 (12), regained the initiative, and he did not let it slip. Making good use of both left and right uppercuts, he began to comfortably outwork his considerably shorter opponent. Williams, 16-1-1 (11), was always game for the odd forceful encounter, but Maske easily survived these fleeting moments of concern. Between the second and 12th, he hardly lost a round. Some spirited infighting took place, but Maske was almost always in control.

This was reflected in the scoring of the judges. Heinrich Muehmert (Germany) saw it 118-110, and Bill Graham (USA) and Rafael Argiolas (Argentina) both 117-111. The referee was Pete Podgorski (USA).

Afterward, Maske joked, "I'm getting too old for this," and he seemed serious about calling an end to his career at the end of this year. WBA champion Virgil Hill, recently recruited to the Cedric Kushner camp, may meet Maske in September. The German's next fight is scheduled for May 4.

Promoter: Cedric Kushner, in association with RTL

(2-17-96)

Brian Doogan

Philip Holiday KO 10 John Lark

Hammanskraal, South Africa: Wearing down his opponent in a characteristically steady and methodical manner, IBF lightweight champion Holiday retained the title for the second time by halting mandatory challenger Lark before a crowd of 3,000 at the Carousel Gambling Resort.

This was not a flawless performance for the 25-year-old Holiday, 133, Benoni, South Africa. Lark, 135, Gary, Indiana, caught the champion with right hands, which he was able to land over the top with regularity. Fortunately for Holiday, the American was merely an arm-puncher.

Boring in low, Holiday, 27-0 (15), attacked the body. He was cautioned on occasion for illegal use of his head by referee Roberto Ramirez (Puerto Rico), and the 30-year-old Lark, 22-5 (12), spent more time complaining than fighting.

Lark was cut over the right eye in the third round, and he bled freely from a cut over the left eye suffered in the ninth. He took a lot of punishment in the 10th before Ramirez called a halt at the 2:34 mark.

The judges were Debra Barnes (USA), Richard Villani (Italy), and Lulama Mtya (South Africa).

Lark had engaged in only two fights since November 1993. His high ranking was surprising, and this fight did not deserve a world championship label.

Promoter: Golden Gloves Promotions (Rodney Berman)

(2-17-96)

Ron Jackson

Tom Johnson KO 12 Ever Beleno

Newcastle, England: Knocked down in the opening half-minute of the fight and rocked frequently afterward, Johnson dug deep to stop mandatory challenger Beleno in the final round of a classic encounter on the Malinga-Benn undercard at the Newcastle Arena. It was his ninth defense.

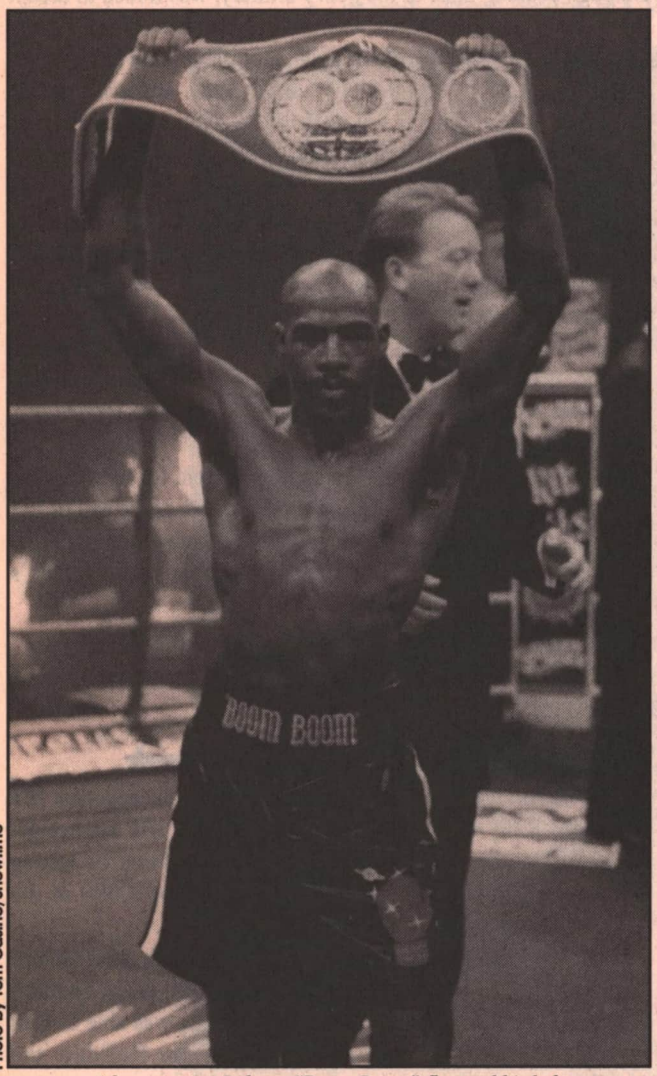


Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

After stopping Beleno, "Boom Boom" flaunted his belt

A stunning start by the southpaw Beleno, 126, Cartagena, Colombia, threatened to overwhelm the 31-year-old Johnson, 126, Detroit, Michigan, who, for the second consecutive fight, looked conspicuously vulnerable. It appeared he wouldn't survive even the opening round as almost every punch Beleno landed caused him distress. The second round brought more of the same, but from the fourth onward, Johnson shortened the range, and, deprived leverage for his thunderous blows, the 27-year-old Beleno's effectiveness diminished rapidly. By the time Johnson halted his man, his superiority had been well-established.

The Colombian made little effort to disguise his strategy: attack with left hands. After just 30 seconds, a jab and long left sent Johnson crashing onto his back. Up at American referee Blair Talmadge's count of four, the champion marched straight back into a volley of blows, left-right-left, that again shook him badly. There was no respite in the second, as Beleno staggered him three more times.

Johnson, 42-2-1 (24), started to find his range in the third, though it was still Beleno's round. The champion was in trouble along the ropes in the fourth as they slugged toe-to-toe, but he was having the better of the infighting and landed some solid bodyshots.

In the fifth, Johnson struck back with a vengeance with a right cross that shook Beleno, 32-2 (28), for the first time. Johnson was briefly troubled again in the sixth, but in the seventh, Beleno lost a point for punching low. Johnson stayed on top in the eighth and ninth, and got through with three successive rights in the 10th that rocked Beleno's head back.

Beleno suffered a cut on the left eyebrow in the 10th. The 11th was close, then in the 12th, a wide, stunning left hook clattered into the challenger's jaw and sent him to the canvas. He climbed up at the count of seven, but when he staggered into the ropes, Talmadge correctly called a halt at the 2:40 mark. At the time of the stoppage, Johnson led on two of the cards, with Dave Parris (England) scoring 105-103, Gary Merritt (USA) 106-101, and Cesar Ramos (Puerto Rico) 104-104.

Afterward, to the delight of the crowd, undefeated British featherweight Naseem Hamed climbed into the ring to accept Johnson's challenge of a future confrontation.

Promoters: Frank Warren and Don King, in association with Gus Robinson

(3-2-96)

Brian Doogan

Saman Sorjaturong KO 4 Antonio Perez

Kanchanaburi, Thailand: Hard-punching Sorjaturong displayed his superior power in dispatching "Pipino" Perez and retaining the WBC light flyweight title for the second time.

The 26-year-old Sorjaturong, 107, Thailand, dropped the veteran Perez, 108, Mexico, with a solid right in the first round. He continued to apply pressure in the second and third. However, in the fourth, Perez, 33, landed a right that sent the champion reeling into the ropes. Perez, 41-7-4 (29), delivered a shower of punches, but Sorjaturong, 29-2-1 (24), answered with an explosive right that again floored the challenger. Perez barely beat the count of

referee Malcolm Bulner (Australia), and Sorjaturong's followup attack prompted the third man to intervene at the 2:55 mark.

The judges were Jae Bong Kim (South Korea), Kazumasa Kuwata (Japan), and Herbert Minn (USA).

It is anticipated Sorjaturong will next meet Chiquita Gonzalez, from whom he won the title last year, at the Great Western Forum.

(2-24-96)

Joe Koizumi

Daniel Zaragoza KO 11 Joichiro Tatsuyoshi

Yokohama, Japan: Crafty lefty Zaragoza easily kept the WBC super bantamweight title, proving too ringwise for the wildly popular Tatsuyoshi and scoring a stoppage on cuts at 2:47 of the 11th round before about 17,000 fans at Yokohama Arena. It was the 38-year-old Zaragoza's first defense since regaining the title last November.

Zaragoza, 122, Mexico, staggered the 25-year-old Tatsuyoshi, 122, Japan, with a left in the opening session. The challenger, a former world bantamweight champion, attempted to crowd his taller foe, but all he got for his efforts were several combinations that exploded into his face. Tatsuyoshi suffered bad cuts over his left brow in the fourth and his right eye in the eighth. Meanwhile, Zaragoza was piling up points with southpaw jabs and solid right hooks.

With blood flowing down his face, Tatsuyoshi won only the seventh, when he forced Zaragoza to retreat. But Zaragoza was far more technically proficient, and he was never in serious trouble. After examining Tatsuyoshi, 12-3-1 (10), in the eighth, 10th, and 11th rounds, referee Tony Perez finally called a halt after consulting with the ringside doctor.

After 10 rounds, Zaragoza, 52-7-3 (26), was comfortably ahead on all three cards, with Tom Kaczmarek and Dalby Shirley scoring 99-91 and Terry Smith 99-90. All four officials are from the USA.

Zaragoza may be an old war horse, but Tatsuyoshi's defensive deficiencies were too much to overcome.

Promoter: Akihiko Honda of Teiken Promotions

(3-1-96)

Joe Koizumi

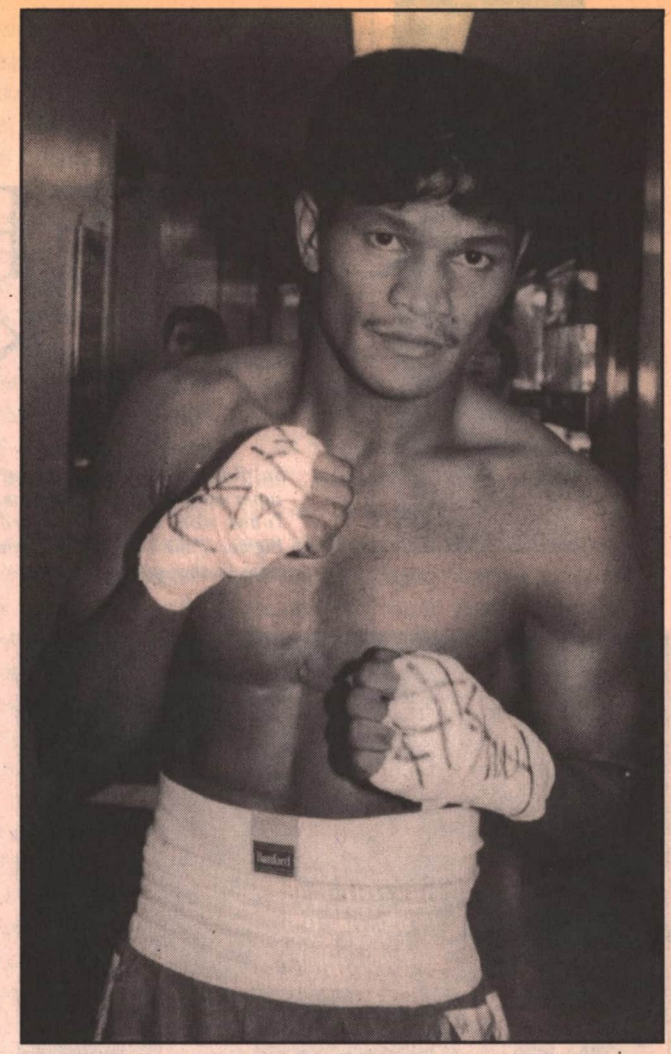
Luisito Espinosa KO 4 Alejandro Gonzalez

Guadalajara, Mexico: When they met 2½ years ago, Cobrita Gonzalez needed only two rounds to knock out Espinosa. He was certain he would do it again, and in the process regain the WBC featherweight title.

However, the fighters that squared off before a packed house of 7,192 at Arena Coliseo de Guadalajara were nothing like the warriors that had met in the same ring in 1993. This time, defending champion Espinosa dominated from the start, winning for the first time in three visits to Mexico. It was his first defense.

Espinosa, a former WBA bantamweight champion, has revived his career against Mexican victims, having beaten Jibaro Perez, Manuel Medina, and now Gonzalez. Another Mexican, the top-rated Cesar Soto, is up next, probably in May.

Perhaps overconfident, the 22-year-old Gonzalez, 126,



Espinosa was a surprise winner over Gonzalez

Guadalajara, Mexico, rushed in in an attempt to score another quickie kayo. Espinosa, 126, Manila, Philippines, took advantage of the challenger's sloppiness, countering with big right hands. Gonzalez went down late in the first round, but referee Arthur Mercante (USA) ruled it a slip. Things got worse in the second; he bled from the nose, and his left cheek swelled. With the crowd urging him on, he fought back in the third, scoring to the head and body and opening a cut on the champion's right brow.

His comeback didn't last long. Early in the fourth, the 28-year-old Espinosa, 38-7 (20), drove Gonzalez, 37-4 (26), into the ropes with a right to the head. Another right dropped the heavily favored challenger flat, and Mercante didn't even bother to count, waving the bout over at the 1:21 mark.

The judges were Rudy Ortega, Chuck Hassett, and Laurence Cole, all from the USA.

Gonzalez spent the night in San Javier Hospital as a precautionary measure.

"I came out wanting to end it quickly," sighed Gonzalez, who may rise to junior lightweight. "I knew I'd be able to knock him out like I did in 1993, but he surprised me. I left my guard open."

Promoter: Rogelio Robles of Azteca Promotions

(3-1-96)

Bruce Williams ■

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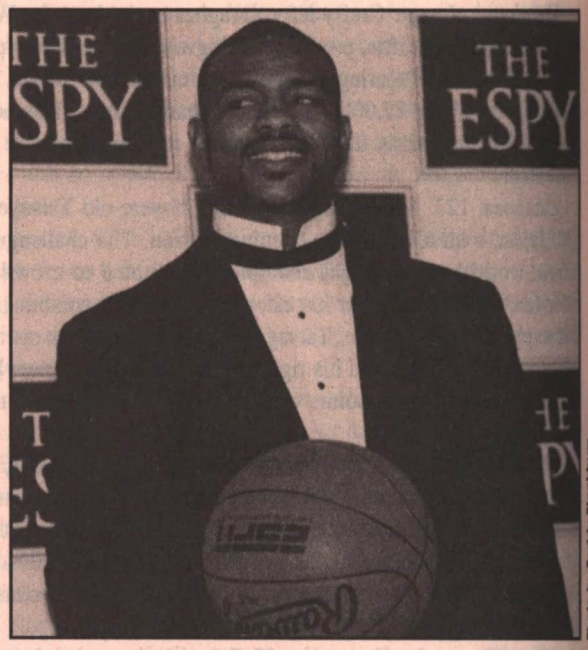

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

So, Roy, let's see your game. IBF super middleweight champion Roy Jones won an ESPY award for Fighter of the Year, but he seemed to have another sport on his mind.

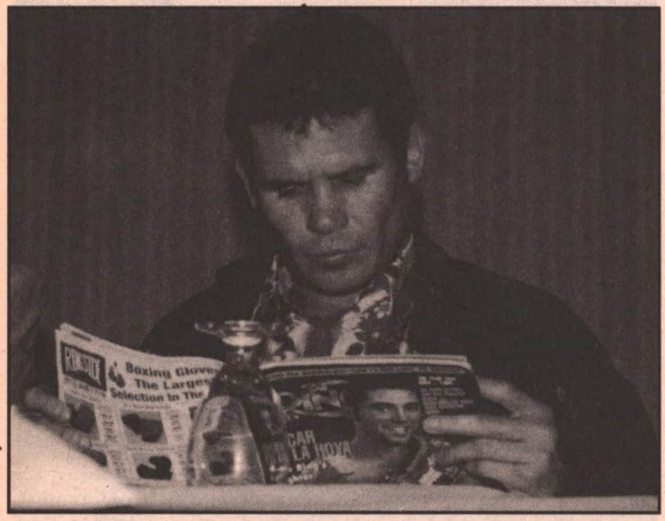

Photo by Dave Jones

We always suspected Julio Cesar Chavez was the literary type. Chavez found time for a bit of reading during his press tour for the Oscar De La Hoya fight, scheduled for June 7 in Las Vegas.

NOSTALGIA CORNER

Fritzie Zivic doesn't look so tough in this photo from 1942. The heavy-handed welterweight showed a soft touch with his three-month-old daughter Marie. Five days later, Zivic lost to Henry Armstrong.

Photo by Jay Lash

It was a long time between titles for Nana Konadu. The big-punching Ghanaian, shown with Don King, won the WBA bantamweight title in January. Six years ago, he reigned as WBC super flyweight king.

Chavez-De La Hoya

(Continued from page 37)

of a sentimental favorite has overcome the backlash factor and eventually become a fan favorite himself, but it takes a very special fighter to do it.

***

As illogical as it seems with the benefit of hindsight, a creaky, 37-year-old Joe Louis was a 7-5 favorite to beat hot prospect Rocky Marciano when they met at Madison Square Garden on October 26, 1951. Louis had put together an eight-bout winning streak after failing to regain the heavyweight title from Ezzard Charles the previous year, and a sizable portion of the public figured Marciano was just another White Hope with an inflated record.

The lead-footed Louis did okay the first seven rounds, and even managed to rock "The Rock" with a left hook near the end of the seventh. But when Marciano, 27, intensified his assault in the eighth, the faded champ couldn't keep pace. A left hook put Louis down, and even though he had no trouble beating referee Ruby Goldstein's count, both the fight and his career would be over in a matter of seconds.

The finish was brutal. A pair of lefts smashed Louis into the ropes, where he stood with glazed eyes, his arms dangling at his sides. Marciano measured him carefully and then shot across a right to the jaw, which sent the stricken fighter tumbling through the ropes and onto the ring apron. Goldstein didn't even bother to count, waving the fight over 2:36 into the round.

Louis was a beloved figure not only in the United States, but throughout the world, and grown men wept when Marciano knocked him out. But they didn't hold it against the younger man, and after Marciano beat Jersey Joe Walcott to win the title the following year, he went on to become one of the most popular heavyweight champions of all-time. Others haven't been so fortunate. Knocking out Muhammad Ali didn't help Larry Holmes' popularity one little bit.

***

In a sport where careers can be breathtakingly brief, longevity means a helluva lot. Fighters like Chavez who win consistently at a championship level, year after year, are rare and take on reputations of mythical proportions. After a while, the natural tendency is to believe that they'll always find a way to win no matter the odds. Sometimes it almost seems like they have a guardian angel, helping them escape from seemingly hopeless situations. Chavez was certainly the beneficiary of something close to a miracle in both his draw with Pernell Whitaker and his technical decision over Frankie Randall. So what if those angels looked a lot like Don King and Jose Sulaiman? The legend survived.

De La Hoya, 21-0 (19), is still a neophyte in the myth business, still building his rep. Knocking off a hero of Chavez' stature won't instantly transport him to the Hall of Fame, but it will bring far greater prestige than a dozen wins over lesser lights. It's a time-honored tradition among young guns, one that's been used with varying degrees of success throughout boxing history.

***

Except for a brief interruption in '79, Antonio Cervantes had been the WBA junior welterweight champion since October '72, when he traveled to Cincinnati to take on local hero Aaron Pryor on August 2, 1980. "Kid Pambele" was an idol back home in Colombia, and undoubtedly reckoned it was merely another routine defense, much like the other 19 he'd tallied during two reigns as 140-pound titlist. After all, the 24-year-old challenger was ranked only 10th going in. How tough could he be?

The proud champion must have felt even more confident after sending Pryor to one knee with a right in the opening round, but "The Hawk" was unfazed. He opened a gash over Cervantes' right eye with a left hook, and then really let it rip in the fourth. A rapid-fire flurry drove Cervantes into a corner, where a final, head-snapping right sent the 34-year-old boxer down for the full count.

Isolated incident? No way. In a very similar situation, Panama's Eusebio Pedroza took a streak of 19 successful defenses of the WBA featherweight title to London in June '85 for a defense against Ireland's Barry McGuigan. With 25,000 semi-hysterical fans cheering him on at the Queen's Park Rangers soccer stadium, the 24-year-old McGuigan set a furious pace from the start. Pedroza stayed with him the first six rounds, but in the seventh, "The Clones Cyclone" floored the defending champion with a left-right combination. It proved to be the turning point, and McGuigan dominated the second half of the bout to win a unanimous 15-round decision and the belt. Another long-reigning champion had met defeat at the hands of a tenderfoot with a fraction of the experience.

***

Of course, even Cervantes and Pedroza didn't come close to equalling Chavez in terms of longevity at the top. Chavez won his first world title in September '84, knocking out Mario Martinez to claim the vacant WBC super featherweight title. Since then, he's won world titles in two additional weight classes, racking up an amazing overall record of 31-1-1 in title bouts.

Whether Chavez' vast experience will prove an advantage or a disadvantage against De La Hoya is an intriguing question. Though he's nowhere near as far over the hill as Sullivan and Louis were when they fell from grace, Chavez peaked back in March '90 with his epic 12th-round stoppage of Meldrick Taylor. Since then, he's been slowly declining, his prowess gradually eroding as the birthdays tick by.

There have been abundant examples of older, more experienced boxers holding Father Time at bay. Heck, Archie Moore practically made a career out of it. So did Jersey Joe. And how about Azumah Nelson, still a world champion at 37? But with due respect to Nelson and all the other graybeards, beating a Gabe Ruelas isn't the same as beating De La Hoya. The key to the Chavez-De La Hoya fight is not the defending champion; it's the challenger.

De La Hoya is one of those unique talents who comes along every now and then to lift the sport above the mundane. Chavez was also one of them a decade or so ago, but his time has past. Chavez' recent performances say so. History says so. And most importantly, De La Hoya's fists will say so. A ritual as old as boxing and as inexorable as the changing of the seasons is about to take place, and though the old king is not expected to go quietly, go he will. ■

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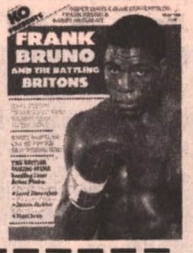

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Tyson-Bruno

(Continued from page 42)

round. After the fourth clinch, he drew a warning from Lane, and after the eighth, there was a second warning.

With 20 seconds remaining in the round, Tyson countered a left-right with a straight right that almost dropped Bruno. As if Big Frank needed something else to concern him, he returned to his corner with an inch-long cut just below his left eyebrow. Trainer George Francis properly tended to the wound, applying steady pressure, and at the sound of the bell, Bruno was blood-free, albeit with a chunk of flesh missing.

There were 15 more Bruno-initiated clinches in the second. During the first one, Tyson pushed his left forearm into the champion's throat. Lane lectured both fighters. Then, after Bruno's 10th clinch, the ref deducted a point for excessive holding.

As for the action, it was similar to that of the first round, with Tyson driving in a big right and then a hook, and Bruno scoring with only two or three serious blows, none of which had any effect. The 34-year-old Englishman turned southpaw at one point, but didn't punch. And when he did move his hands, he was tentative.

"Throw that uppercut with some *venom*," shouted Francis before the start of the third round. Bruno had other ideas. Like some more clinching. But Tyson wouldn't allow that as an option when, about 40 seconds into the round, Bruno turned lefty and missed with a soft right-left. Tyson countered with a right to the body that made Bruno wince, and a left hook. In all, he strung together 13 power-punches, nine of which landed, before Bruno began to slump down and Lane stepped in, calling a halt at the 50-second mark. Supported by the ropes, Bruno never left his feet. But at the finish, Marc Ratner, the executive director of the Nevada commission, rose from his seat and extended his hands as if anticipating that the champion was about to fall out of the ring.

All week long, Bruno had promised to knock Tyson into the lap of Don King. As it turned out, Tyson almost knocked Bruno into the lap of Ratner.

"I'm just throwing punches," Tyson said while watching a tape of the stoppage with Showtime's Ferdie Pacheco. "He's holding a lot so I'm just throwing caution to the wind. Throw punches, throw punches. Bring him down with a Henry Armstrong effect."

After Bruno had returned to his stool, Tyson briefly joined the Englishman's wife, Laura, in comforting the fallen fighter. He hugged him, twice kissed him, and softly laid his head on top of Bruno's. That's Tyson's way: Roll 'em, then console 'em.

***

Bruce Seldon and Frans Botha were at the fight, but Riddick Bowe and Lennox Lewis, separated by the likes of Gerry Cooney, Sugar Ray Leonard, and Willie Pep, watched at the All-Star Cafe in New York City.

"Mike is gonna have a real problem when he fights a real boxer," Bowe was quoted in the New York *Daily News*. "The greatest sin in boxing is to leave yourself wide open."

Leonard was no less critical. "Damn, I wish I was 190 pounds," he said. "Mike just walks in like a pole. He's right *there!*"

Given the magnitude of Tyson's celebrity, a variety of opinions is always guaranteed. For every Bowe and Leonard, there was someone who viewed the Bruno fight as undisputable evidence of the relative sharpness of Tyson's skills.

"He looked pretty good to me tonight," said Buster Douglas, an interested observer at ringside.

Indeed, there were portions of the fight when Tyson moved his head from side to side. His jab was inconsequential against an opponent with an 11-inch reach advantage, but at least he tried it. (He opened round three with a *double*-jab.) It's worth noting that the final sequence began with a bodyshot, and the timing of Tyson's counterpunching was impressive. But remember, it was Frank Bruno across the ring, and only Frank Bruno.

During his first reign, Tyson unified the title. But he surely remembers that he wasn't universally accepted as the best heavyweight until he defeated Michael Spinks, who had dethroned the long-reigning Larry Holmes.

In November, Bowe established himself as number one by winning his rubber match with Evander Holyfield. There was no belt at stake, and recognition from the

alphabet organizations has never meant less. Tyson deserves better than Bruce Seldon and Frans Botha, and we deserve better, too.

It's time Tyson acknowledged that fact in the only way that matters. ■

New Faces

(Continued from page 16)

and given that there are time limitations on the leasing of the property that the promotion is on, I didn't want to go through all that only to have the bout canceled, which appeared likely to happen."

Perhaps the final straw that night was Olympic junior middleweight bronze medalist Robbie Reid walking past Dodson on his way to the ring and fighting his bout on schedule. The memory of how Britain's amateur authorities deprived Dodson of the junior middleweight berth and gave it to Reid lingers. While Reid went on to collect a medal in Barcelona, Dodson's hopes of Olympic gold were crushed by having to boil down to make welterweight.

"I had set my heart on boxing as a light middleweight in those Olympics, and all my life I dreamed of winning Olympic gold," he recalled. "That tournament means so much to me. My ambition was to become an Olympic champ and dedicate it to my mother. But with the politics of it all, we all know what happened."

What happened was that instead of building on the promise of a quarterfinal appearance as a 17-year-old in Seoul four years earlier, and capping a marvelous amateur career that included a New York Golden Gloves title, Dodson got beaten in his second-round Olympic bout by former world amateur champion Francisco Vastag of Romania. His dream was over.

Born in Georgetown, Guyana, in 1970, Dodson was orphaned at the age of two. His experiences in boxing began two years later, when he would sit attentively at the training camp of Lennox Blackmoore, a former Commonwealth lightweight champion and Guyanan folk hero who was a friend of Dodson's adopted family, then go home and practice the moves. At 10, his family moved to Brooklyn, and the youngster was often reduced to fending for himself on Brooklyn's poverty-stricken streets, a situation he will not even now talk about at any length.

"Where I came from and what I was surrounded with was boxing and people involved in boxing; I got involved because I loved doing it," said Dodson. "Throughout my whole life boxing has taught me a hell of a lot more than anybody else has taught me. Plus, it gave me the attention I needed at that particular time. I'm an orphan and pretty much grew up on my own. Boxing made me what I am now, the individual that's talking to you and expressing myself in this way. It's taught me how to be self-disciplined, self-motivated, and focused. It is a character-assessment of what you really are."

One of the friends Dodson did make was former Olympic and world champion Mark Breland. "He was not only a great friend, but almost a big brother," said Dodson. "I learned through him to be myself. He always tried to please everybody else and in the end got built up only to be knocked down. I just please myself, my friends, and my family. But when you go against the grain, challenge the authorities, you can find yourself shut out by them. But I say to them: 'I'll do it my way.'"

Dodson's way appeared to be the right way when, in February 1995, he demolished former world welterweight champion Lloyd Honeyghan in four rounds. Though Honeyghan was a shadow of the man who had eight years earlier upset Donald Curry, Dodson's performance demonstrated his potential. Unfortunately, it was tarnished by tragedy. The fight followed directly after Nigel Benn's defeat of Gerald McClellan, which resulted in the American losing his sight and much of his faculties. Aware of the high-risk nature of his sport, and despite the fact that he holds a degree in business administration from the American college in Marleybone, Dodson shows no apprehension about putting his life at risk in the same way.

"All some people look at is the moral argument," he said. "'It's barbaric, one man hitting another in the ring.' But your boxer is just like your classical ballet dancer, the very thing that people consider to be prestigious and class. He articulates with his body, not with his tongue. Unlike any other professional sportsman, that boxer is willing to test his spirit beyond

(Continued on page 56)

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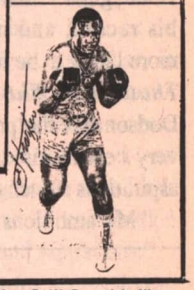

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New Faces

(Continued from page 55)

breaking point. At any given moment he can experience extreme emotions: euphoria, joy, despair. Yet that boxer is deemed to be stupid if he can't articulate with the wit of an after-dinner speaker in some spontaneous television interview. It makes me wonder about who is more stupid, the critic or the boxer.

"I know that when I step inside a ring, I assume the risk factor. But if you don't take risks, you'll never find the answers out."

Though Dodson clearly dispels the stereotype of the boxer who does the boxing with a manager who does the thinking, he remains unproven as a fighter. Honeyghan remains the biggest name on his record, and many of the others are more likely to be found in a copy of *Who's That?* than *Who's Who*. Nonetheless, Dodson has the potential to challenge the very best in his division. Predictably, his aspirations stretch even higher.

"My ambitions pertaining to individual goals in boxing are to win three world titles, at light middleweight, middleweight, and super middleweight," he said. "Outside boxing, as a whole, I like to see myself not being one of the typical statistics we're all familiar with—what I could've, would've, should've. That byline is always the same.

"I owe no apologies for not being a subservient puppy. That's what's expected of you in boxing, but I refuse to be treated like a piece of meat. I can look in the mirror and say that I do it my way. I can live with that." ■

Brian Doogan is The Ring's correspondent for Europe.

Fabrice Tiozzo

(Continued from page 23)

extensive range of shots that usually impact on their target in clusters. His punching power, though not distinguished, is hardly negligible. Physically, he is always in pristine condition, and although he boasts no single outstanding attribute, the complete article is formidable.

"I have no strong point, but no weaknesses, either," said Tiozzo, who is nothing if not pragmatic. "Overall, I do everything well. I make sure that I am always in top physical condition. Perhaps that is my real strong point—I am always in perfect condition to fight."

The fact is reiterated by the whole Tiozzo camp. The fighter's enthusiasm and dedication to training is almost fanatical. When he is preparing for a fight, he secludes himself from the outside world for two months. For the McCallum fight, he made it three. During this time, interaction even with his immediate family is kept to a minimum.

"I like to get away from all the distractions and focus my attentions on the task ahead and the opponent I am about to face," he said with a look that is striking in its intensity. "I train so hard that the guy I face cannot be any more prepared than I am. It is not easy to lock yourself away from your family for so long, but that is one of the sacrifices you have to make."

It is a sacrifice, however, he would

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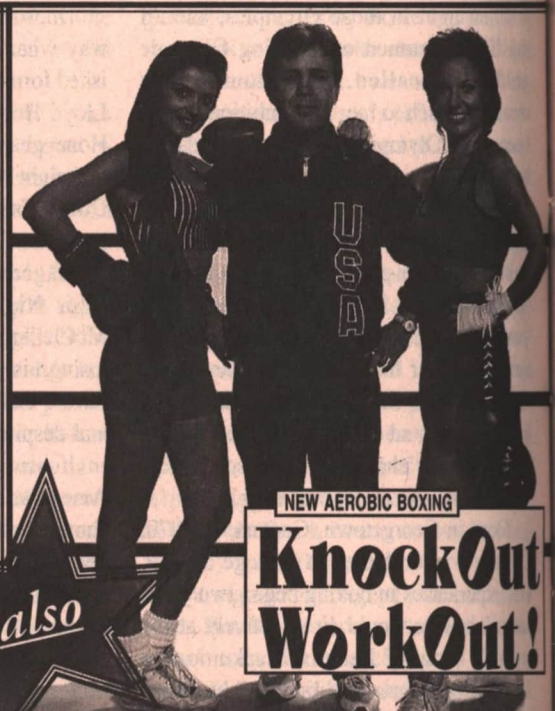

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actively discourage his son from having to make as well.

"I would never encourage my son to box," he said. "The suffering involved is very demanding, and I wouldn't wish it on my son. That is why I box—so he won't have to. But this is my way, and although he doesn't particularly like boxing, he respects me for it."

That respect is only partially extended by the French public and media. Not nearly as appealing in France as in the halcyon days of "The Three Musketeers" (world champions Georges Carpentier, Eugene Criqui, and Charles Ledoux), boxing now falls well behind sports such as rugby, cycling, and soccer in popularity. Tiozzo is well-known in France, but is hardly adored the way a Marcel Cerdan was. Memories linger of him being knocked down twice by innocuous-looking jabs in a points defeat to Hill for the WBA title in April 1993.

"I remember everything about the Hill fight—the disappointment, the criticism, the hurt," said Tiozzo. "I didn't fight well. I hadn't trained diligently. But reporters in France went way overboard in their condemnation of my performance. The media always has something to say, even though when you are seated behind a desk and not stuck in a boxing ring, it is very easy to talk and criticize. That gets on my nerves. But you have to learn to live with it."

A secondary factor regarding the public's general indifference and the press' occasional hostility may be the reputation built by Fabrice's brother Christophe, a former holder of the WBA super middleweight title. Christophe has a tendency to be a bit more provocative than Fabrice. For instance, at one point during the McCallum fight, while Fabrice was leathering the soon-to-be former champion inside the ropes, Christophe, because of a misunderstanding over a split glove, was trying to chin Carl King on the outside. Fabrice and Christophe may be brothers, but they are more like Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito than Tweedledee and Tweedledum.

"Christophe is a very emotional character," said Jean-Marc Perono, who has worked with both Tiozzos and is now Fabrice's manager and trainer. "Fabrice, meanwhile, is a more placid person who saves his rage for the ring."

Indeed, but for his older brothers Franck and Christophe, Fabrice might never have been lured to the sport. A bright pupil who could have gone on to a university education, Fabrice followed his brothers into boxing as a 12-year-old and left school before he was 16.

With all that aggression in the Tiozzo household, there must surely have been some fairly fierce disagreements.

"Let's say that like all youngsters, we had our rows, but it was never nasty," joked Fabrice. "My mother had the principle that whenever anything happened, it was the older boys' fault. They were the elders and should have known better. So she punished them. But perhaps if she had had another one, I might not have been so lucky."

Tiozzo turned pro by winning a four-rounder against Dionisio Del Valle at Madison Square Garden on November 10, 1988. "I was too young to get a French boxing license, so I went to America to box there," he explained.

He was carefully steered toward the French light heavyweight title, and in 1991, outpointed Eric Nicoletta over 10 rounds in Lyon to claim the national crown. As the first member of the family to become a French champion, victory was particularly sweet.

This was soured by his inauspicious effort against Hill two years later, a performance adversely affected by an uncharacteristic lack of discipline in watching his weight. Stung by criticism, he trained more conscientiously than ever for the McCallum fight.

"I'm very pig-headed," he said. "I will never give up. I will go to the last. You might say I'm more stubborn than a mule. I was not going to lie down and cry for the rest of my career about losing to Virgil Hill. This was another challenge, probably a more daunting one. But I absolutely believed I would defeat McCallum, and that's how it turned out."

More than 8,000 supporters cheered passionately as Tiozzo overcame a cut near his left eye in the second round to dismantle one of boxing's finest exponents, albeit one whose best years were well behind him.

"At the beginning of the second round, I was butted on the forehead, and it was the first time in my career, as a pro or an amateur, that I was cut," recalled Tiozzo. "At that point I thought it wasn't going to be my day. So I fought back strongly and knocked him down in that round. Although it was always difficult, from round seven on I began to think that things were going my way. But it really was a war until beyond the middle of the fight."

Tiozzo knocked McCallum's gumshield flying with a well-delivered combination in the ninth, and did the same in the 10th. Convinced that his crowning was imminent, he let loose with a torrid assault in the final round and almost sent McCallum to the canvas for the second time in the fight with a pulverizing right. When the final bell sounded, he sank to his knees.

"After the McCallum fight, the reaction of the public was fabulous," said Tiozzo. "But in France, journalists never put a boxer on a pedestal, and that was the case again, even after defeating this great fighter. I've not had the same exposure that, for instance, an Englishman would have had, or an American. France is unique, I suppose, in this way. The way fighters are treated is not very grandiose. But my dream has come true, and it is special for me anyway. I beat a great champion in a big venue with loads of people watching. It was the culmination of all my hopes, dreams, and aspirations."

Though he is not prone to recurring nightmares about the dangers of his profession, Tiozzo is well-aware of the risk. Four months before his great triumph, he sat ringside at the London Arena, shocked by what happened to Gerald McClellan after his savage bout with Nigel Benn. As a family man who has a second child on the way, McClellan's plight struck a chord in him.

"Yes, of course, you've got to think about the dangers, especially after you've seen boxers die in the ring or some who have been left paralyzed," said Tiozzo. "But I strongly believe that potential calamities can be foreseen. I have spoken to my own doctor about it, and we have drawn the conclusion that if you enter the ring with no damage already there, then the risk, though not eliminated, is certainly lessened.

"When a tragedy happens, it's usually because there was something there from a previous injury. Since I've become world champion [Tiozzo has made one defense, outpointing Canada's Eric Lucas], I have a CATscan before every bout so that when I get in the ring, I am not worried in that respect. I am tranquil when I enter the ring."

Revenge over Hill, something he desires more than anything else, would

probably contribute further to that feeling of tranquility and go a long way toward increasing his stock in the eyes of his countrymen. Tiozzo appears to have the temperament and the tools to raise his profile. Whether he can resurrect an entire division, of course, is another matter. ■

Brian Doogan is The Ring's correspondent for Europe.

HIV & Boxing

(Continued from page 27)

and Massachusetts have joined them, either requiring testing before each fight or once a year. And as the story of Morrison's infection gained momentum, filling newspapers, magazines, and television shows, other commissions, including those from the high-profile boxing states of California, Florida, and New York, claim they are actively lobbying for routine testing. (In March, New Jersey announced it was implementing mandatory testing.)

"I think the Morrison incident has served as a catalyst for the boxing community," said Marc Ratner, executive director of the Nevada commission. [Nevada charges $25 per test and returns the results to a fighter in 36 hours.] "Out of a negative, you must make a positive, no pun intended."

While a swiftly delivered right cross to the chin may be more dangerous, and more deadly, than the sprayed blood of an HIV-infected fighter, testing for the virus provides fighters the knowledge that they are to the greatest possible degree protecting their own lives and the lives of their opponents. And this knowledge, in itself, is enough to institute routine HIV testing.

"I'm glad I found out I had it," Morrison said during an interview with CNN's Larry King. "It's hard telling how long I might have went on boxing, how many lives I could have put in danger. And even though my career is over, I hope in some way, shape, or form, I can find a new and better way to educate people."

Unfortunately for him, maybe he already has.

But will boxing listen? ■

Jonathan Heaps is a writer for Showtime.

Tommy Morrison

(Continued from page 25)

THE RING: Some time has passed since the announcement that you tested HIV positive. Has that time allowed you to reflect? And if so, do you feel any differently about your situation?

Tommy Morrison: First of all, it was just a major shock. I've never been healthier in my life. I'm bigger, faster, stronger than I've ever been. And from a professional standpoint, I really feel I was proving more each and every day. I just really felt this year was gonna be a really good year for me. And being in that position and then being dealt the blow we got dealt, I guess you find yourself living in denial for a few days, finding it hard to believe something like that could actually happen. But the bottom line is it happened.

The speculation is how'd you get it and how long have you had it and all

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that. I don't know where I got it, and I don't think it's really that important. What's important is what I do from this point on. I really felt a lot of shame for it because my first reaction was, "What are people gonna think?" But since then I've obviously educated myself about it quite a bit. I've been getting out and talking about it, and I've started to see some positive.

THE RING: You mentioned denial. What about anger? In living the way you lived, I'm sure you didn't feel you were doing anything wrong.

TM: First of all, it was a major wakeup call for me. I'd been living a promiscuous lifestyle for quite a long time. From an anger standpoint, I was more pissed off at myself. There's no way I can point fingers at anybody, because I'm the captain of my own ship. I was the one who was irresponsible, and now I'm the one paying the price. And that's the way it should be. I was a little angry at myself and felt a little lost because I didn't have any idea what I was gonna do. I was in the middle of a career, and it's been one that's paid off pretty well. I haven't been one to spend a lot of money, and everything I made I pretty much still have. Once I started to see the positives coming out of it, then I started accepting it a little easier. Coming to terms with accepting it all the way is something I probably haven't done yet.

THE RING: Describe your awareness of AIDS up to the point that you tested positive.

TM: I knew it was something that was out there, but I was like so many millions of Americans—I associated it more with certain people. I associated it more with people who lived a gay lifestyle and IV drug users, particularly people in inner cities and ghettos and that sort of thing. I never associated it with Jay, Oklahoma. Even at the level I was at, and even though I was with a lot of women, I always thought I knew a classy lady from a trashy lady. But you can't tell by looking at somebody that they got this disease. You would never think Magic Johnson had it if it hadn't been a worldwide event.

THE RING: Living the life you were living, then, you never thought you were putting yourself, or anyone else, in potential danger.

TM: Not in a million years. I always thought that I was a step ahead. But this is something that doesn't discriminate. It doesn't care if you're a woman or a guy or black or white or where you live or what you do. I'll give you a prime example of how uneducated I was: I felt the same way. "Hell, only scumbags get this disease." Well, that's the biggest bunch of crap in the world. It's something that can get you no matter where you're at.

There's gotta be a better way to reach out and educate people on this. I remember when it happened to Magic Johnson four years ago, it caught my attention, but just for a little while. I think he got the attention of a lotta young black males out in the inner cities, but it didn't catch my attention. People, especially in this area, look at me as the guy next door. I don't consider myself a celebrity and I never have. And I don't like to be put up on that pedestal. I'm a normal guy who likes to go to normal places and do normal things and hang around normal people. And the responses I've got from around the country is that it really shocked everybody. And I'm a white guy, too. There are certain people out there that associated this more with the black community than the white community. To be honest with you, more white people got it than black people. And that's something else I didn't know.

If I could get out there and just change one mind, make one person have a more responsible attitude, it's well worth it.

THE RING: Do you think the answer is abstinence, education, or a combination of both?

TM: I sort of think, first of all, with the society the way it is today, you got 11- 12-year-old people having sex. You got 12- 13-year-old girls coming up pregnant all the time. I would certainly go along with abstinence, or postponement, I guess, until you get a little older and more responsible. But society is nowhere even close to that, and I think that's the sad thing.

THE RING: So far, you've handled this

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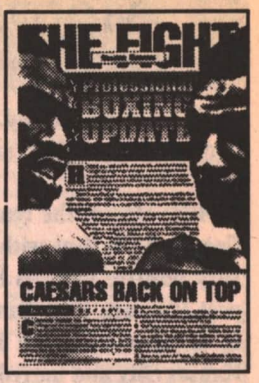

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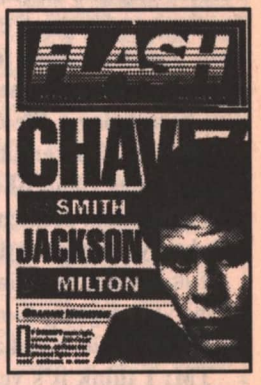

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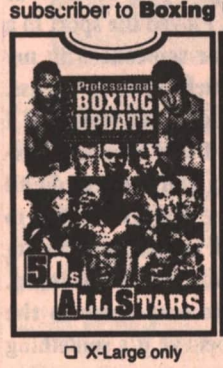

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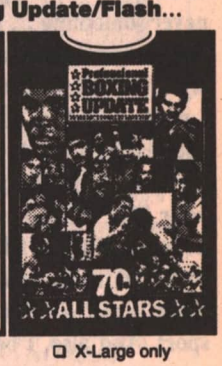

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Tommy Morrison

(Continued from page 59)

crisis so commendably. Why should we think you'll be able to maintain your control?

TM: One of the reasons I know I'm fine, and I'll deal with everything in a very positive light, is because over the past 2½ years, I've changed my life a lot. It all started when I moved out of Kansas City and moved back home, and for the past 2½ years everything's been very positive except for that incident with the mother of one of my children. I've been living a life God would want me to live. I'm very into church and doing things right. Show me a person that hasn't had problems in his life and I'll show you a person that didn't live.

THE RING: In watching you thus far, it seems you're going to relish this role of educating people. Is that accurate?

TM: I think it's very accurate. At first it was hard to see that because I viewed this as the end of everything. But once I got out there and spoke from the heart and started seeing the positive response I was getting ... Like I mentioned at the press conference, I felt there was no way in hell I could ever be a role model again. But from the responses, I started seeing a lot of the positive things I could do. That to me was very important.

THE RING: It's ironic that before, you were just a professional fighter who entertained people and made a lot of money. And now, because of this terrible thing that has happened, your life has become a whole lot more important.

TM: Yeah, very much so. You know, to be quite honest with you, boxing was never something ... I loved the sport to a certain point, but for someone with my style, training was such a pain in the ass. I mean I had an aggressive style and I got beat on a lot. As I said all along, boxing is not something you want to do all your life. What I've always wanted to do, which I think I'll get the opportunity to do, is to do some commentating. That'll allow me to stay close to the sport. And also, I believe it's something I'll excel at. I'm looking forward to that.

THE RING: Paraphrase what Magic Johnson said to you during your conversation in the days following your testing positive.

TM: For the most part I just listened to him. I was thankful he took time out of his busy schedule to call me and offer me a little support. Talking with Magic and some of his representatives, they pretty much held our hands through this whole deal because they had been through it and they knew some of the things we were gonna face, as far as tabloid magazines and that sort of stuff. Lon Rosen, Magic's friend and agent, was tremendously helpful in steering us away from things we should avoid and helping us get some of the best treatment available. We got the same doctor Magic works with, Dr. Ho. He doesn't see a lot of people and does mostly research. He's one of the best in the country.

THE RING: Boxing is, of course, a blood sport. Still, so many doctors have said the possibility of transmitting the HIV virus in a fight is so very tiny. You've said you'll fight no more. Is that just a personal decision, or do you think anyone who tests positive shouldn't fight again?

TM: I have a lot of mixed feelings on that. I know I said that right off the bat, and I believe [the virus] can be contracted in boxing a lot easier. Of course, I'm no doctor. But if [doctors] didn't think it could be contracted, they wouldn't be wearing goggles when they're doing surgery. It's very possible. How possible? I don't think they want to scare the public. But if it's not at all possible, then I don't see why I shouldn't be able to continue to fight.

THE RING: So are you standing by your initial statement that you'll fight no more?

TM: At this point I don't think it's something that would be acceptable to the boxing people, at least until we know more about it. If it's proven that it can't be transmitted, then it's an issue I certainly would bring up because I love the sport and I'd love to be able to fight again. Until we're more educated about it, and until people feel comfortable with that idea, I don't think it'll be anything that I'll be doing.

THE RING: There's a lot of talk about mandatory testing. At this point, do you think a fighter who's been tested would be crazy to get in the ring with a fighter who hasn't been tested?

TM: Based on what the doctors are saying, I don't think it would be that crazy, but I certainly would stand behind mandatory testing. I 90 percent think that I got it through my lifestyle. But I wouldn't rule out the possibility [that I contracted the virus through boxing]. If a fighter's gonna be in there with somebody he doesn't know, he would be more at ease knowing the guy is negative, especially after they've engaged in a bloody war.

THE RING: How would you say people have been treating you since the news broke?

TM: I've been kind of overwhelmed by how positive everything's been. When it first came out, [the news] beat me home from Las Vegas. I found out, I jumped on the first plane, and three hours later when I landed at home, it was on the TV. I didn't have the opportunity to sit down and reflect on things like Magic Johnson did. I had to pretty much get up there and speak from the heart. It was one of the hardest things I ever had to do—step up to the podium and tell the whole world I had HIV. That was very difficult.

I think only one negative thing has been written. And it was by a guy named Wally Matthews (a boxing writer and columnist for the *New York Post*.) If I ever see him, I'm gonna punch him right in the mouth. I can't stand that son of a bitch. He's never written a positive thing in his life about anybody or anything. He talked about the press conference (at which Morrison announced he was HIV positive) and said that was the best acting job I ever did. People like that I think got their milk money taken from them when they were in high school. I've never really cared for him, and when I get the opportunity, I'll let him know that.

THE RING: Have doctors suggested any concessions in terms of the way you live your life right now?

TM: Since I moved out of Kansas City, my whole life has changed in a lot of different areas. I stay healthy all the time, and I enjoy how I feel when I'm

healthy. I run, I lift weights, I stay on a great diet. They told me that the greatest thing a person can have to battle with is an attitude. Being healthy, you're obviously a step ahead of everyone else. Based on what they told me, I was pretty much doing everything anyway.

As far as medication, I've heard a lot of negative things about AZT and how it kills you faster than the virus. I have mixed emotions about it. You know, since this all came about, through the mail I've received about 40 different cures for AIDS. All kinds of stuff. I saw a doctor yesterday and got some prescriptions. I haven't filled them yet. I'm waiting on some other things. I want to get Dr. Ho's opinion first. The virus is there and it is active, but it's not in a very progressive state right now.

THE RING: If your career as a heavyweight is indeed over, what was your proudest moment, and what was your biggest regret?

TM: I think my proudest moment is probably what happened this year. Obviously, up to this point, my most gratifying two wins would've been beating George Foreman, and also after being down and building myself all the way back up, fighting Razor Ruddock. Being on the floor, getting up, really having a true battle, that was probably the most gratifying win for me. For the most part, I feel I gave people their money's worth, and for me, that's what it's all about.

My biggest regret was having a poor attitude toward training. The most humbling thing that's ever happened to me in my life was when I lost to Michael Bentt. That was something that to this day I will never understand. It's just amazing, I fought a guy that couldn't have beaten me if he had a machine gun, and I went out there and proved myself wrong. I always trained hard when I was at the gym. It's what I did outside, chasing girls.

THE RING: You have an awful lot of fans among the readers of THE RING. Even after you lost to Lennox Lewis, we received lots of mail in support of you. In closing this talk, how about a message for those fans?

TM: One thing I'd like to say to all the people who have supported me over the years: Obviously, my career has been up and down. It's brought a lot of happiness, and probably tears along the way. But one thing I want everybody to know is that I totally appreciate all the support. I want to continue to support the sport of boxing, stay close to it in some way, shape, or form. I love you guys, and thank you very much. ■

Time Capsules

(Continued from page 29)

"but all it did was make me sick to my stomach."

At the end of the 12th round, Gene's barely audible voice asked for the bottle of orange juice laced with brandy that Bagley always kept for certain situations. "No sooner did I take a little swallow when the whole ring started whirling around even faster than it had before," Gene recalled. "It was the first time I had ever taken any liquid during a fight. It was also the last time.

"When I stumbled out for the 13th, I saw two bobbing red objects rushing at me. To this day I don't know how I survived that awful round, or the last two rounds either. One half-conscious thought was burned into my mind: Stay on your feet. I was sure that if I relaxed, even for an instant, I would either fall on my face or the referee would stop it."

To everyone's astonishment, Tunney stayed on his feet. At the final bell, his classically chiseled features were unrecognizable. Both eyes were frozen shut. What once had been a nose was now a massive, over-ripe, purplish-red plum. But he still stood, not straight, but upright, as the ring announcer bellowed what all already knew: "Winnah an' new light heavyweight champion of America—Harry Greb of Pittsburgh."

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Tunney's remarkable performance,

(Continued on page 62)

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Time Capsules

(Continued from page 61)

though in defeat, inspired journalist Corum to write, "Strange, isn't it, that Gene Tunney's greatest night of glory came as a result of his one and only defeat. It was the only night the people ever took Tunney into their hearts as one of their very own."

THE RING had it 117-113 for Malinga, who must be, though not in the sense of a Sugar Ray Leonard, one of boxing's most retiring champions.

Malinga-Benn

(Continued from page 31)

Malinga, whose first name, Thulane, means "quiet," has not always been so unassuming. As a youngster, he regularly got involved in scraps on the streets of Ladysmith, Natal, the scene of a famous siege during the Zulu wars. He was born into a poor family, and his parents died when he was young. Malinga was forced to forego ambitions of becoming a doctor through lack of schooling from the age of nine. Instead, he sold furniture in shops—when not otherwise engaged on the street with the newest kid on the block. His features suggest that not too many got the better of him, and even at 36, he is regularly in demand to model the latest fashions in his native country.

"I liked to fight in the street, although I'd like to add it's something I haven't done for some time," said Malinga. "My brother used to try and stop me by saying that I would end up getting killed. But I was a fairly useful street fighter and even took up karate so that I wouldn't meet someone who knew more moves. There was a bit of mean streak there from a young age."

That meanness is now strictly confined to the ring. Ironically, channeling his aggression into boxing made Malinga a more mellow man. But the predominant influence has been his newfound faith. A lapsed Presbyterian, Malinga is a born-again Christian who, when he retires from thumping people on the head, intends to thump the Bible into people's heads by preaching the word of God.

"I sincerely want to become a priest," he said only hours after converting the multitude who had doubted his capacity to tame Benn. (Malinga was a 9-2 underdog, and 7-1 to win on points.) "What I am is not because I'm clever, it's because I have a gift from God. I asked God for this title because my son has been very ill and came close to death. He is recovering from a brain tumor, and the money I earn in the ring will help pay for his medication.

"Also, boxing was an opportunity for me to make a life. Without it, I don't know how I'd have survived. So I want to give back to God what God has given me. But boxing's like business, and even a born-again Christian can't just leave his business."

That presumably means God will have to wait, at least until Malinga has cashed in on his title victory by engaging in a lucrative contest against Dubliner Steve Collins. If styles do dictate fights, Malinga must fancy his chances here also.

"Collins' style suits Malinga as much as Benn's did," assessed Durant. "Our price is on the table, though. We must be well-paid. We want this to be Sugarboy's last fight. That purse will secure Malinga for the rest of his life."

***

The reputation of Benn has been long secured by the depth of his courage, which was never more evident than during what Frank Bruno described as his "terrible, beautiful, unbelievable" encounter with the tragic Gerald McClellan. But the insecurities in his mind had been surfacing for several months. Repeatedly, he declared this would be his final year in the sport, that he wanted only two more fights, and that Roy Jones is the only fighter who frightens him sufficiently to be at his best. Such utterances were hardly conducive to a concentrated effort against Malinga. And neither was Benn's training camp. Holidaymakers had frequent access to his gym, where the mood was more party-party than work-work.

"It was all too public with the gym, joking and not getting down to thinking about things," confessed Benn. "I thought I could handle Sugarboy easily. Normally, I'm fully concentrated, but this time I wasn't. That fear I thrive on just wasn't there."

From early in the fight, Benn, 166½, Ilford, England, looked an impostor. There was an unusual melancholy about his demeanor, not a calm before the storm, but a projection of futility that characterized his performance for much of the 12 rounds. This assessment must be qualified by the simple fact that Malinga, 165¾, Ladysmith, Natal, South Africa, fought the perfect fight, utilizing a jab that seemed guided by radar and slipping into trouble only once.

"Everything has got to come off the jab," said Durant. "When Sugarboy's left arm drops by his side, then he's comfortable. Whenever he holds it up, that means something is wrong."

Malinga's left arm flopped at his side all night, with his left shoulder held high to guard against Benn's concussive right hands. His jab really took charge in the second, frequently popping into Benn's unprotected face. And as his confidence grew, he began to throw the right behind it, twice in the round landing exquisitely in combination. The third round, like the first, was more even, but Malinga declared his intentions emphatically in the fourth.

They swapped right hands before Malinga, 41-9 (17), three times in quick succession landed clinical one-twos. Jabs embellished his handiwork, and when Benn strode back to the corner at the bell, his right eye was almost shut, while a swelling underlined his left. As referee Richard Steele (USA) collected the cards, he rolled his eyes as much as to say, "Now we've got a fight." Benn's face conveyed a similar message.

The picture looked even worse for much of the fifth, as Malinga drove everything from left hooks to lead rights into Benn's increasingly misshapen face. But a bolt from the blue in the form of a malevolent right connected with Malinga's jaw near the completion of the round, knocking him down and propelling the champion back into the fight.

Demonstrating that the cobwebs had instantly been discarded, Malinga responded in the sixth. And in the seventh, he treated Benn, 42-3-1 (35), harshly whenever the Londoner tried to enter his space. Benn appeared almost as if going through the motions in the eighth and ninth, as the scenario became progressively ominous. Benn knew the score, as did 10,000 anxious supporters at the Newcastle Arena.

When the bell for the final round sound-

ed, Benn had a straightforward mission: destruction. But despite urging from his emotional father, the champion could not summon the effort and was knocked to the floor himself by a fierce right. The decision was now clear, at least to everybody but good old Chuck, whose scorecard gave everybody a right old laugh.

***

One man who was in no mood for laughing was Collins. Benn's defeat cost him the biggest payday of his career.

"I feel sick—I wanted so much to be the man to beat him," said the man who ended the career of Benn's most bitter rival, Chris Eubank. "But I still want to meet Nigel in the ring, and I think as a challenger we would see the old Nigel, although he's not taking my title. [Collins is the WBO titleholder.] The Nigel that boxed Malinga was not the Nigel we all know. He did not seem as hungry, as though he didn't really want to win."

When Benn addressed the crowd moments after Jimmy Lennon Jr. announced the decision, he said he no longer even wanted to fight again.

"Can I just have a quiet word?" he asked as the arena deadened to a hush. "I think I've done my bit for British boxing. I've fought the best. I never avoided anyone. But I came down here tonight and Sugarboy Malinga, he prepared good. I'm not going to make any excuses. But it's time to call it a day. Well done, Sugarboy. All the best."

Then on bent knee he asked girlfriend Caroline, "Will you marry me?" All that seemed to be missing was Rocky Balboa embracing Ivan Drago, Prince Charles doing the same to Princess Diana, and George Bush and Saddam Hussein reminiscing about their war stories from the Gulf.

By the next afternoon, Benn's story had changed.

"Despite being beaten and bruised, I don't feel shot," he asserted. "I just feel like, 'What the hell was I doing in there?' I can only get up for fights that mean something big. Malinga fought the right fight and I fought wrong. That wasn't the real me in there. I still feel I have something to offer."

While it may have upset the romantics to hear Benn contradict his retirement sentiments within just 24 hours, nobody should have been terribly surprised. What drove Benn through his wicked war against McClellan and a host of others must threaten to force him back to the trenches when clever boxing is no longer a healthy option. Fires that burn as fiercely as his require more than simple points defeats to douse them. They need to be extinguished through a chilling separation from the senses. For Benn, and men like him, it is the only way. It is the way of the warrior. ■

Brian Doogan is The Ring's correspondent for Europe.

Closed-Circuit

(Continued from page 33)

The crowd cheered for Ali early and Frazier late. In the 15th round, when Ali was dropped by a left hook, the noise was ear-splitting.

I was disappointed when Frazier was announced the winner, but I knew one thing: I had to go to another closed-circuit fight real soon.

Muhammad Ali KO 12 Jimmy Ellis, Harlem Armory, July 26, 1971 ($20): This was the much-anticipated return, Ali's first fight after his loss to Frazier. The Armory was clean and airy, with two large screens back-to-back, and two huge transmitters positioned about 50 feet from the screens. The seats were individual wooden chairs.

Seated next to me was a man dressed in an army camouflage jacket. He said little during the undercard, which featured a raw heavyweight named Terry Daniels, who would be force-fed to Frazier in six months.

The moment we were all waiting for: The ring introductions, the final instructions, and the bell for round one. And then ... *Boom!* The transmitter on our side blew up, with smoke and sparks and everything. A mass of angry men began yelling, screaming, cursing, and throwing those cute wooden chairs. Suddenly, the mob realized the transmitter on the other side of the room was still working, so the fans picked up their chairs and moved. But I just sat there, stunned. And I found the same look on my army buddy's face.

The screen looked like some weird combination of a Jackson Pollock painting and the work of Peter Max. We'd occasionally spot Ali dancing through the madness.

(Continued on page 64)

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Closed-Circuit

(Continued from page 63)

My army buddy looked at me and said, "I paid $20 for this seat and I ain't moving." I thought it over and figured, *What the hell, I'm staying put, too.*

"Want some wine?" he said. "Sure," I answered. After a while, I stared vacantly at the scrambled picture and realized Ali never looked better.

Joe Frazier W 12 Joe Bugner, 14th Street Academy of Music, New York City, July 2, 1973: Howard Cosell did the commentary until the sound went out.

"Hey, where's the sound?" yelled one customer.

"Shaddup, will ya? There's no Cosell!" yelled another.

The place exploded into laughter, then applause.

George Foreman KO 1 Joe "King" Roman, 14th Street Academy of Music, New York City, September 1, 1973 ($25): The fight was a waste. And it was a silent movie; there was no sound in the old theater that would become a holy shrine to the sound of disco, The Palladium. The catcalls were hilarious. Sorry, but they can't be repeated in such a fine family publication as THE RING.

Joe Frazier KO 5 Jerry Quarry (live), Bob Foster D 15 Jorge Ahumada (closed-circuit), Madison Square Garden, June 17, 1974 ($20): Having lost the title to George Foreman, Frazier was rematched with Quarry, whom he had stopped in 1969. There was an added attraction: The referee would be the 60-year-old Joe Louis. After the bout, the closed-circuit screen would be lowered for light heavyweight champion Foster's title defense.

I took my girlfriend Debbie, who bombarded me with negatives:

"I don't like boxing."

"Why do we have to go to a boxing match?"

"What time will it be over?"

Ali showed up, climbing through the ropes, taking off his jacket, and throwing lightning jabs just short of Frazier's face. Frazier responded with his vaunted left hook, and the crowd roared. Frazier then pummeled Quarry, with Louis watching from the best seat in the house. It wasn't until the Garden's John Condon started running around the outside of the ring and waving a towel that Louis decided to stop the slaughter.

The screen came down and Foster-Ahumada turned out to be highly competitive. I was keeping score, and I had the Argentine way out in front. Then Debbie spoke: "I don't know much about boxing, but it seems to me the challenger is ahead."

At the final bell, I had Ahumada ahead 9-6 in rounds. When the decision was announced as a draw, the Garden exploded. Fans threw beer cups (some were even empty) and programs. I heard a stream of obscenities coming from behind me. I had never heard such combinations of curse-words. Nouns became verbs and verbs adjectives. I decided it was a good time to get Debbie out of there. I turned to grab her hand—and she wasn't there.

I turned to find her standing on a chair. She was the one hurling the expletives.

Debbie was wild and excited as we walked to the subway. "They robbed him ... That wasn't fair ... Boxing is great ... " I was happy because I had made a boxing convert, and also because Debbie was showing a fire I hadn't previously seen. She stayed pumped up right until I took her home. That's when she wished me a safe trip home with a kiss on the cheek. Bummer.

Roberto Duran W 15 Sugar Ray Leonard, City College of New York, June 20, 1980 ($25): The smoke-filled auditorium of City College was packed. My brother Tim and I took our seats in the bleachers, and all eyes seemed upon us. The Hispanics were wondering what two home boys were doing in Duran country.

When Duran was announced and we cheered, a guy sitting next to us said, "You Duran?"

I mustered what I had learned during high school Spanish and confidently replied, *"Si."*

Beers were passed to us. We had been accepted. We were *hermanos*. We were *hombres*. Viva Duran!

As my brother and I were dancing over Duran's win, a young black kid called us "traitors." *Carumba!*

Thomas Hearns KO 2 Pipino Cuevas, Beacon Theater, New York City, August 2, 1980 ($20): This was a fight I knew Cuevas would win. After watching Aaron Pryor win the WBA junior welterweight title with a kayo of Antonio Cervantes on CBS, I went downtown from the Bronx to watch the fight at the Beacon. I'll never forget the man in my row betting with all the Hispanic fans around him. He was talking lots of trash about what Hearns was going to do to the pride of Mexico.

"'The Hit Man's' gonna put a hurtin' on Pipino," he bellowed, a fist full of bills (and I don't mean singles) in his right hand. "I don't want to take your money, but The Hit Man gonna put Pipino to sleep."

He said it so loud, and with such insulting sarcasm, that the money poured in on Cuevas.

When the opening bell rang and Cuevas started *dancing*, I knew he was in trouble. And when Hearns lowered the boom in the second round, the Beacon went silent ... and the loud man with the money ran out the door as fast as he could.

Sugar Ray Leonard KO 14 Thomas Hearns, Westchester County Center, White Plains, New York, September 16, 1981 ($25): My brother and I decided to watch the welterweight showdown between undefeated co-champions Leonard and Hearns at a nice, peaceful venue. We settled into our chairs in the balcony, which offered an unobstructed view, and the night was uneventful until Leonard and Hearns stepped into the ring. That's when a tall man placed his seat right in front of my mild-mannered brother.

"I can't see. Could you please move?" my brother asked.

"Hell no! I ain't moving!" said the tall man.

That set off Tim.

"If you don't move," he said, standing up, "I'll throw your *$#@$&*@# ass off this balcony!"

At that point, I noticed the tall man's rather diminutive sidekick, and I yelled, "If they go over the balcony, then I guess we're going over, too."

Cooler heads prevailed. The big guy and the small guy moved over, and everyone sat back and watched not just a fight, but one of the best fights of all-time.

***

No sound? Fuzzy pictures? Transmitters blowing up? Given today's technology, Chavez-De La Hoya doesn't figure to be that kind of viewing experience. But I can hope, can't I? ■

Anthony Carter Paige is the president of the Boxing Writers Association of America.

FISKE ON FIGHTS

By Jack Fiske

Nothing is forever, and that includes dynasties in boxing.

Ray Robinson idolized Henry Armstrong, and Rocky Marciano thought Joe Louis was the greatest. But those feelings were left outside the ring when the original Sugar Man dealt "Hammerin' Hank" a beating in 1943, and The Rock knocked out "The Brown Bomber" in 1951.

Similarly, Oscar De La Hoya has always looked at Julio Cesar Chavez as a sort of fistic role model. On June 7, he'll show his appreciation by attempting to send the WBC super lightweight champion into retirement.

"He's always been an idol of mine," De La Hoya said of Chavez. "He's still an idol of mine, and he'll always be an idol of mine. Julio is a fighter you should respect. But when it comes to inside the ring, no respect whatsoever because I have to go in there and do the best job possible."

For his part, Chavez knows the importance of the fight. It could very well be the last one of his career, no matter the outcome. "I'm definitely retiring on June 7," he said, "and I want to finish my career with a brilliant fight that everyone will remember."

It's the kind of stuff Hollywood churns out, except this time it's for real: the young turk gunning for the icon, a great story line that has the makings of a memorable fight.

Some of the numbers are eerily similar to those of Robinson-Armstrong and Marciano-Louis. A GI on furlough, Robinson was 22 when he fought Armstrong, who was 31. Marciano was 28 to Louis' 37. De La Hoya is 23 and Chavez 33. Will the young continue to inherit the earth—or at least the canvas-draped part of it?

Climbing through the ropes at Madison Square Garden, Robinson had a record of 44-1 (29), while Armstrong was 129-17-7 (79). Marciano, like De La Hoya, was unbeaten. He was 38-0 (32), with Louis 63-2-1 (49). Challenger De La Hoya is 21-0 (19), and Chavez 96-1-1 (78).

Some similarities are unexpected. For instance, due to money woes, it was no surprise that both Armstrong and Louis were still fighting at their then-advanced ages. But Chavez on the shorts? Remember, we're talking about a busy performer who has supposedly earned seven-figure paydays in some of his 33 world title fights. Apparently it's so, thanks to a free-wheeling lifestyle that has included spending sprees on cars and a pending divorce suit that threatens to cruelly cut into his bank account.

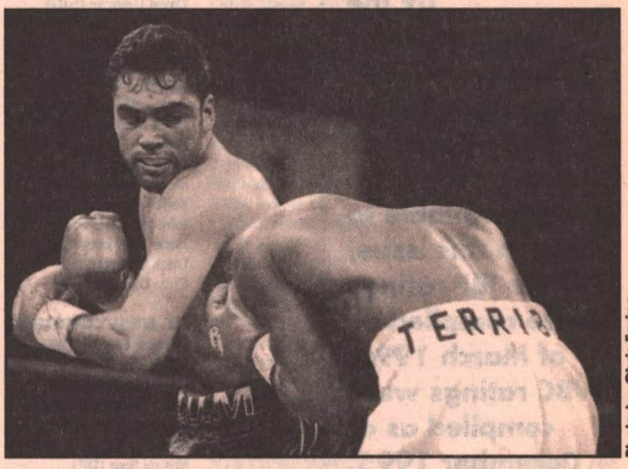


Photo by Chris Farina

De La Hoya, shown taking out Darryl Tyson, might weigh as much as 150 by the time the opening bell rings for his fight with Chavez.

A reported $9-million purse (De La Hoya is being paid the same) should alleviate some of Chavez' worries. But given his problems, will he be entering the ring in a positive state of mind? And even if he says he's going to retire, will he be able to resist future paydays? Win or lose in the De La Hoya fight, don't be surprised to see him back in the ring.

As for the fight itself: De La Hoya opened as a 3-1 favorite, incredulous odds for a youngster who less than four years ago was an amateur. However, the feeling here is that the price is warranted.

De La Hoya is taller, has a gigantic reach advantage, and will most likely be 10 pounds over the 140-pound limit by the opening bell. He possesses at least as good a punch as the champion. His comparative inexperience is a minus. Moreover, he's tasted the canvas twice in his brief career (Chavez has been floored only once in almost 100 fights), but wasn't hurt either time and got up to score kayos. Chavez has the better chin, but against a 150-pounder, who knows?

What De La Hoya has to do is fight in the center of the ring, stay off the ropes, and protect his ribs from the champion's left hooks. De La Hoya's height will aid him in avoiding rights to the head. Against a presumably jaded champion whose most recent performances were not up to previous standards, the younger De La Hoya should triumph after 12 rounds. ■

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the IBF ratings were compiled as of March 1996, WBC ratings were compiled as of December 1995, and WBA ratings were compiled as of January 1996.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Frank Bruno (GB)	C	–	12
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	–	C
Mike Tyson (USA)	1	1	–
Lennox Lewis (GB)	2	3	5
Oliver McCall (USA)	3	–	1
Tony Tucker (USA)	4	4	–
Henry Akinwande (GB)	5	2	3
Alexandr Zolkin (RUS)	6	8	–
Jeremy Williams (USA)	7	–	–
Larry Donald (USA)	8	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	9	–	–
Andrew Golota (POL)	10	9	7
Michael Moorer (USA)	11	5	–
Lionel Butler (USA)	–	6	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	21	7	4
Tim Witherspoon (USA)	17	10	10
Corrie Sanders (SA)	12	–	2
Orlin Norris (USA)	–	–	6
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	16	–	8
Obed Sullivan (USA)	–	–	9

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	1	2	4
Torsten May (GER)	2	7	2
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	4	6
David Izeqwire (NIG)	4	11	7
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	5	5	–
Akim Tafer (FRA)	6	–	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	7	–	9
Carl Thompson (GB)	8	–	–
Arthur Williams (USA)	9	–	–
Brian Laspada (USA)	10	8	3
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	1	1
Orlin Norris (USA)	14	3	–
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	11	6	–
Zeljko Mavrovic (CRO)	–	9	–
John McClain (USA)	18	10	–
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	26	–	5
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	8
Chris Okoh (GB)	19	–	10

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	1	1	–
Montell Griffin (USA)	2	7	2
Mike McCallum (USA)	3	4	4
Merqui Sosa (DR)	4	–	–
Jose Gomez (BRA)	5	12	–
Crawford Ashley (GB)	6	–	–
Nicky Piper (GB)	7	–	–
Andrea Magi (ITA)	8	–	–
Maurice Core (GB)	9	–	–
Eric Lucas (CAN)	10	–	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	2	5
Lou Del Valle (USA)	17	3	7
William Guthrie (USA)	25	5	1
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	6	–
Drake Thadzi (CAN)	–	8	–
Anthony Begini (NZ)	–	9	–
Stefan Anghern (SWI)	–	10	10
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	–	3
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Richard Hall (USA)	–	–	8
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	12	–	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Thulane Malinga (SA)	1	3	–
Henry Wharton (GB)	2	–	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	3	2	12
Bryant Brannon (USA)	4	4	1
Tim Littles (USA)	5	1	–
Frederic Seiller (FRA)	6	7	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	7	–	–
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	8	–	–
Jean-Claude M'biye (FRA)	9	–	3
Sam Storey (IRE)	10	–	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	–	5	–
Henry Wharton (GB)	–	6	7
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	–	8	–
Mike Makata (NZ)	–	9	–
Darren Obah (AUSTRL)	15	10	–
Reginaldo Andrade (BRA)	–	–	2
Charles Brewer (USA)	24	–	4
Steve Little (USA)	–	–	5
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	–	–	6
Glen Johnson (USA)	27	–	8
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	11	–	9
Frank Rhodes (USA)	–	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Quincy Taylor (USA)	C	–	–
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	8	9
Joe Lipsey (USA)	2	7	8
Agostino Cardamone (ITA)	3	–	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	4	–	4
Dana Rosenblatt (USA)	5	11	–
Julian Jackson (USA)	6	–	–
Otis Grant (CAN)	7	9	–
John David Jackson (USA)	8	2	2
Reggie Johnson (USA)	9	5	–
Robert Allen (USA)	10	–	3
William Joppy (USA)	15	1	1
Peter Venancio (BRA)	–	3	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	4	–
Chongmo Kim (KOR)	–	6	–
Aaron Davis (USA)	12	10	–
Lloyd Bryan (USA)	–	–	5
Alex Rios (USA)	–	–	6
Chris Pyatt (GB)	19	–	7
Juan Viloria (COL)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	C
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	C	–
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	1	5	8
Bronco McKart (USA)	2	3	–
Winky Wright (USA)	3	1	3
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	4	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	5	–	–
Godfrey Nyakana (UGA)	6	8	–
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	7	10	–
Andrew Council (USA)	8	11	–
Raul Marquez (USA)	9	–	1
Luis Santana (DR)	10	–	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	–	2	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	–	4	2
Julio Cesar Green (USA)	–	6	–
Johnson Tshuma (SA)	–	7	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	9	10
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	14	–	4
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	–	5
Darrin Morris (USA)	–	–	6
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	–	7
Rossman Henry (COL)	–	–	9

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	1	4	1
Oba Carr (USA)	2	1	2
Vincent Phillips (USA)	3	–	–
Derrell Coley (USA)	4	5	6
Gary Jacobs (GB)	5	8	3
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	6	6	4
Grahame Cheney (AUSTRL)	7	–	–
Lonnie Smith (USA)	8	–	–
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	9	–	12
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	10	12	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	16	2	–
Alejandro Ugueto (VEN)	–	3	–
Sean Sullivan (NZ)	–	7	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	14	9	7
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	21	10	–
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	–	–	5
Maxim Nesterenko (RUS)	30	–	8

Jorge Alvez (ARG)	–	–	9
Ray Lovato (USA)	22	–	10

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	C	–	–
Juan Coggi (ARG)	–	C	–
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Jan Bergman (SA)	1	6	1
David Kamau (USA)	2	4	3
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	3	1	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	4	3	2
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	5	–	–
Charles Murray (USA)	6	8	7
Paul Ryan (GB)	7	–	–
Giovanni Parisi (ITA)	8	–	–
Freddie Ladd (USA)	9	–	–
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	10	–	–
Frankie Randall (USA)	–	2	–
Jose Barbosa (VEN)	16	5	–
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	–	7	–
Ross Hale (GB)	17	9	6
Hiromu Kuwata (JAP)	24	10	–
Pedro Padilla (COL)	–	–	4
Michele Piccirillo (ITA)	22	–	5
Jermal Corbin (USA)	–	–	8
Ralph Jones (USA)	–	–	9
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	–	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	C	–	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
Phillip Holiday (SA)	–	–	C
Jean Baptist Mendy (FRA)	1	11	4
Steve Johnston (USA)	2	7	7
Lamar Murphy (USA)	3	–	–
Shane Mosley (USA)	4	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	5	8	12
Ivan Robinson (USA)	6	10	1
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	7	–	–
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	8	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	9	4	–
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	10	–	–
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	–	1	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	2	10
Fred Ladd (USA)	–	3	2
Raul H. Balbi (ARG)	–	5	–
Joey Gamache (USA)	–	6	–
Antonio Rivera (PR)	–	9	–
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	3
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	–	–	5
John Lark (USA)	–	–	6
Joel Perez (USA)	–	–	8
Hector Tejeda (ARG)	–	–	9

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	–	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	C
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	1	2	6
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	–	–
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	3	–	–
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	4	5	9
Pedro Gutierrez (ARG)	5	–	–
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	6	3	8
Floyd Havard (GB)	7	–	–
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	8	–	4
Rafael Meran (DR)	9	–	–
Justin Juuko (UGA)	10	–	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	1	–
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	4	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	6	–
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	–	7	–
Edson Suxa Nacimento (BRA)	–	8	–
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	–	9	–
Masuaki Takeda (JAP)	–	10	–
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	1
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	2
Robert Garcia (USA)	14	–	3
Jeff Fenech (AUSTRL)	–	–	5
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	18	–	7
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	10

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinoza (PHIL)	C	–	–
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	–	C	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Cesar Soto (MEX)	1	–	–
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	2	–	–
Manuel Medina (MEX)	3	–	–
Carlos Rios (ARG)	4	–	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	5	3	7
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	6	–	1
Kevin Kelley (USA)	7	–	–
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	8	–	–
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	9	4	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	10	6	5
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	–	1	8
Cesar Soto (PAN)	–	2	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	16	5	–
Jun Gorres (PHIL)	28	7	–
Derrick Gainer (USA)	12	8	–
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	–	9	–
Victor Polo (COL)	25	10	10
Welcome Ncita (SA)	–	–	2
Orlando Soto (PAN)	15	–	3
David Santos (USA)	13	–	4
Jose Badillo (PR)	–	12	6
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	–	–	9

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	1	–	–
Erik Morales (MEX)	2	4	–
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	3	–	–
Julio Gervacio (DR)	4	–	–
Jesse Benavides (USA)	5	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	6	2	7
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	7	7	2
Junior Jones (USA)	8	5	8
Bong Chul Kim (KOR)	9	11	–
Enrique Jupiter (MEX)	10	–	–
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	1	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	29	3	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	6	12
Tsuyoshi Harada (JAP)	–	8	–
Anton Gilmore (SA)	13	9	3
Guty Espadas (MEX)	11	10	–
Pablo Ozuna (COL)	–	–	1
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	4
Daniel Alicer (PR)	–	–	5
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	16	–	6
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	9
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	14	–	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	C	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	1	–	–
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	2	–	–
John Armour (GB)	3	7	4
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	4	–	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	5	–	–
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	6	–	1
In Jin Chi (KOR)	7	–	–
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	8	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	9	9	5
Somboon Pantasi (THAI)	10	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	1	–
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	2	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	3	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	4	–
Veerapol Sahaprom (THAI)	–	5	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	15	6	–
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	26	8	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	–	10	–
Tim Austin (USA)	–	11	2
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	3
Torsak Pongsopha (THAI)	–	–	6
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	7
Sergio Reyes (USA)	25	–	8
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	9
Jorge Eliecer Julio (COL)	19	–	10

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	C	–	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	C	–
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	–	–	C
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	1	7	–
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	2	5	–
Luis Bolano (COL)	3	–	–
David Griman (VEN)	4	2	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	5	3	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	6	–	–
Julio Gamboa (NIC)	7	4	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	8	11	–
Domingo Sosa (DR)	9	–	–
Angel Rosario (PR)	10	–	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	–	1	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	6	–
Hyung Chul Lee (KOR)	–	8	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	11	9	–
Luis Bolanos Paez (COL)	–	10	–
Jaji Sibali (SA)	26	–	1
Danny Romero (USA)	–	–	2
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	3
Andy Agosto (PR)	–	–	4
Jose Diaz (USA)	–	–	5
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	6
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	21	–	7
Polito Saucedo (USA)	–	–	8
Orlando Tobon (COL)	–	–	9
Cesar Singo (EQU)	–	–	10

FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Mark Johnson (USA)	1	11	1
Chatchai Elite-Gym (THAI)	2	–	–
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	6	11
Chokchai 3-K Battery (THAI)	4	2	–
Daniel Ward (SA)	5	4	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	6	3	–
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	7	–	12
Luigi Camputaro (ITA)	8	–	7
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	9	–	–
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	10	–	–
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	1	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	22	5	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	–	7	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	8	5
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	–	9	–
Sung Tae Lim (KOR)	29	10	–
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	–	–	2
Ratanapol Voraphin (THAI)	–	–	3
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	–	–	4
Robbie Regan (GB)	14	–	6
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	8
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	16	–	9
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	10

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	C	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	3	1	C
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	1	9	7
Chiquita Gonzalez (MEX)	2	–	4
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	4	5	12
Eric Griffin (USA)	5	6	2
Miguel Angel Granados (MEX)	6	–	–
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	7	8	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	8	–	–
Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat (THAI)	9	–	–
Yuichi Hosono (JAP)	10	10	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	2	–
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	–	3	–
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	4	–
Sinn Ploenchit (THAI)	–	7	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	–	–	1
P.S. Wonjongkam (THAI)	–	–	3
Yani Malhendo (INDO)	–	–	5
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	16	–	6
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	8
James Wanene (KEN)	–	–	9
Luis Doria (COL)	19	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	–	C	–
Vacant	–	–	C
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	1	3	7
Kermin Guardia (COL)	2	1	4
Rocky Lin (JAP)	3	4	3
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	4	5	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	5	6	–
Yodsing Saengmorokot (THAI)	6	–	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	7	–	–
Joma Gamboa (PHIL)	8	–	–
Manny Melchor (PHIL)	9	–	–
Nungdiew Sakcharporn (THAI)	10	–	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	–	2	–
Antonio Perez (MEX)	–	7	10
Eric Chavez (PHIL)	–	8	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	–	9	–
Shinichi Tamaki (JAP)	14	10	1
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	12	2
Lee Salvador (NIC)	–	–	5
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	–	–	6
Rafael Torres (USA)	–	–	8
Jack Russell (AUSTRL)	–	–	9

CLASSIC

Rocky Marciano is perhaps the best example of the fact that fighters are made, and not born. A talented natural athlete, Marciano still had to learn the intricacies of the fight game.

From The Ring, September 1952

NO SHORTCUTS TO SUCCESS

Rocky Marciano's win over 35-year-old Lee Savold wasn't pretty. The Rock, unbeaten in 39 consecutive bouts, is never going to win any points for style.

By **Barney Nagler**

Fighters aren't born; they're made. They are taught and trained and tempered to the requirements of their craft. Those who make the grade are the ones who learn. The others fall by the curb and soon are as forgotten as the result of last week's four-round post-feature at Madison Square Garden.

This came to mind at ringside in Philadelphia on the night Rocky Marciano, the unorthodox New England heavyweight contender, fumbled and fizzled in a futile effort to put clever Lee Savold on the canvas.

Not once during this interminable display of awkwardness did Marciano land a telling blow. The New Englander hit Savold with oblique shots, but none was hard enough to do more than nick the veteran's skin. It made no impression on his sensibilities.

Leaving Convention Hall that night, a fellow traveler from New York town sidled up to this agent and said, "Can't teach a fellow to fight if he isn't forced to learn in the ring."

He was speaking, naturally enough, of Marciano, and the thought came quickly that the great boxers of the past were men of perseverance and ambition. They wanted to be as the lawyer, the doctor, and the bricklayers are at their calling, men who learned their profession well. Marciano has the ambition, but he must make more of an effort to thoroughly learn his trade.

***

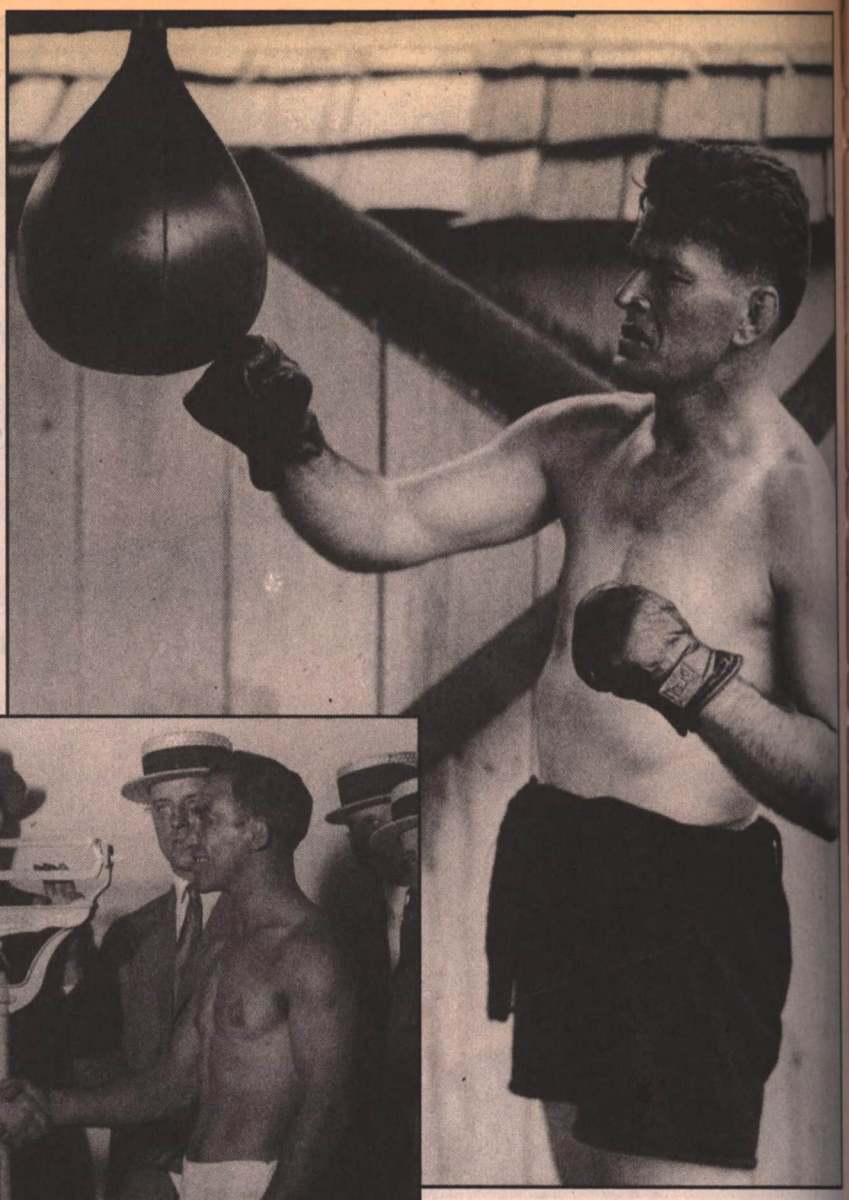
Gene Tunney was a case in point. Tunney was driven by a consuming ambition to get to the top as a fighter. When he returned from France after World War I, his left elbow was affected by the ravages of a form of paralysis. He went up into the woods of Maine and spent days chopping wood with his left hand only. In time, the strength returned to his arm. He went into the gymnasium, tied his right hand to his side, and worked on the fast bag and the sandbag with his left. Jab! Jab! Piston! Piston! He kept at it hour upon hour, deter-

mined in his eagerness to become a great fighter.

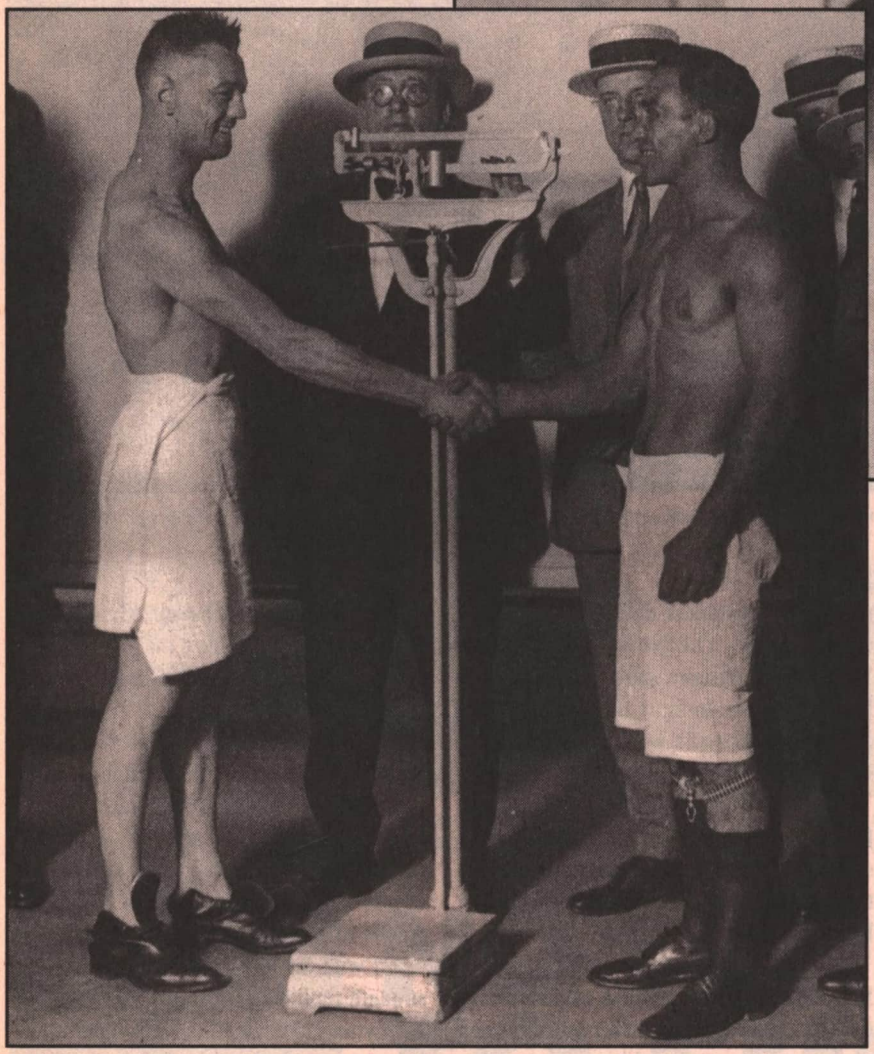
On another night in Philadelphia, in the rain of a September night in 1926, Tunney put on a display the reward of earnest endeavor. His left hand was a source of torment to the great Jack Dempsey, the weaving, bobbing "Manassa Mauler," who had been considered unbeatable until a determined ex-Marine's jab established an opposite proposition.

Dempsey, too, was not born the brawler that he came to be. Indeed, Dempsey's bob and weave wasn't in-born. He, too, was a man of perseverance. When Dempsey was a young man around New York, in the days before he found gold dust in the ring, he became friendly with a welterweight named Marty Farrell. No, you don't remember Farrell.

Farrell employed the bob and weave.



Gene Tunney's ambition was to be the best fighter in the world. When his left elbow was affected by a form of paralysis, he trained specifically to regain his strength. As it turned out, his left hand was his chief weapon.



Johnny Dundee (right), shown weighing in with Eugene Criqui, made himself a better fighter by inventing his own equipment, a small sandbag that, unlike the bigger version, didn't make fighters musclebound. Dundee also spent many hours skipping rope to work on his speed.

He did this not as a defensive maneuver, as it had been employed until that time, but as a method of attack. Dempsey watched Farrell work in the gymnasium. He decided to adopt this style. He spent hours adjusting the style to his own requirements of frame and mind. It brought him the heavyweight championship of the world.

***

Fight history is replete with the names of men who were taught or who taught themselves the business of boffing other men in pursuit of glory. Benny Leonard was a case in point. Leonard became a proficient fighter only because, by his own

admission, he was not fond of being hit on the face.

Leonard learned defense first. The punch came later, being the product of a coordination of mind and muscle achieved through long hours of labor.

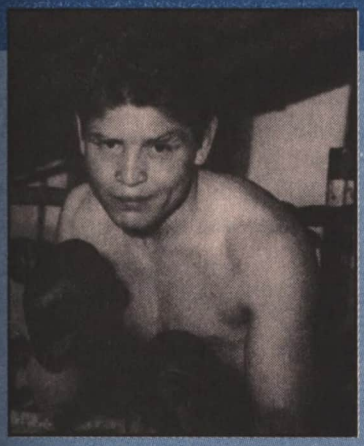
Fight men were different those days. A boxer spent hours in the gymnasium. It was not an hour's chore. A fighter in training was aware that the gymnasium stint each day was the base for all other endeavor. The hours spent in the gymnasium paid off during the minutes in the ring.

Johnny Dundee's earnestness in this regard is a classic example of this. Dundee was a speedster who depended on this asset above all others. He was smart enough to know that without speed he was just another fence. Because of this realization, Dundee spent hours skipping rope. Moreover, he also was aware that punching the big sandbag often produced a binding of the muscles of small men. He devised a small sandbag of the approximate size of a punching bag for his own use. It was adopted by other smaller fighters. This was an age of improvisation in boxing.

***

Sand played an important part in the career of Tommy Loughran, the Philadelphia dancing master who held the world light heavyweight championship. As a youngster, Loughran learned to box in a small basement gymnasium by sparring with a friend.

THE RING RATINGS, *September 1952*



Lauro Salas

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Jersey Joe Walcott (USA)
1. **Rocky Marciano** (USA)
2. **Ezzard Charles** (USA)
3. **Roland LaStarza** (USA)
4. **Coley Wallace** (USA)
5. **Clarence Henry** (USA)
6. **Harry Matthews** (USA)
7. **Johnny Williams** (England)
8. **Bob Dunlop** (USA)
9. **Rex Layne** (USA)
10. **Jimmy Bivins** (USA)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Joey Maxim (USA)
1. **Archie Moore** (USA)
2. **Harold Johnson** (USA)
3. **Yolande Pompey** (BWI)
4. **Jimmy Slade** (USA)
5. **Jake LaMotta** (USA)
6. **Bob Murphy** (USA)
7. **Dan Bucceroni** (USA)
8. **Danny Nardico** (USA)
9. **Randy Turpin** (England)
10. **Robert Villemain** (France)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champ: Ray Robinson (USA)
1. **Randy Turpin** (England)
2. **Eugene Hairston** (USA)
3. **Carl (Bobo) Olson** (Hawaii)
4. **Dave Sands** (Australia)
5. **Charley Humez** (France)
6. **Laurent Dauthuille** (France)
7. **Ernie Durando** (USA)
8. **Rocky Castellani** (USA)
9. **Norman Hayes** (USA)
10. **Rocky Graziano** (USA)

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Kid Gavilan (Cuba)
1. **Billy Graham** (USA)
2. **Bobby Dykes** (USA)
3. **Johnny Saxton** (USA)
4. **Johnny Bratton** (USA)
5. **Gil Turner** (USA)
6. **Wally Thom** (England)
7. **Chuck Davey** (USA)
8. **Pierre Langlois** (France)
9. **Danny Womber** (USA)
10. **Art Aragon** (USA)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champ: Lauro Salas (Mexico)
1. **James Carter** (USA)
2. **George Araujo** (USA)
3. **Luther Rawlings** (USA)
4. **Arthur King** (Canada)
5. **Virgil Akins** (USA)
6. **Joe Brown** (USA)
7. **Percy Bassett** (USA)
8. **Johnny Gonzalves** (USA)
9. **Paddy DeMarco** (USA)
10. **Jorgen Johansen** (Denmark)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Sandy Saddler (USA)
1. **Ray Famechon** (France)
2. **Tommy Collins** (USA)
3. **Glen Flanagan** (USA)
4. **Roy Ankarah** (West Africa)
5. **Luis Romero** (Spain)
6. **Gene Smith** (USA)
7. **Ciro Morasen** (Cuba)
8. **Federico Plummer** (Panama)
9. **Ronnie Clayton** (England)
10. **Corky Gonzalez** (USA)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Vic Toweel (South Africa)
1. **Jimmy Carruthers** (Australia)
2. **Maurice Sandeyron** (France)
3. **Gaetano Annaloro** (Italy)
4. **Jean Sneyers** (Belgium)
5. **Peter Keenan** (Scotland)
6. **Alvaro Nuvoloni** (Italy)
7. **Frankie Williams** (England)
8. **Gianni Zuddas** (Italy)
9. **Andre Valigant** (France)
10. **Rudi Langer** (Germany)

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Yoshio Shirai (Japan)
1. **Dado Marino** (Hawaii)
2. **Tanny Campo** (Philippines)
3. **Teddy Gardner** (England)
4. **Terry Allen** (England)
5. **Jimmy Pearce** (England)
6. **Vic Herman** (Scotland)
7. **Louis Skena** (France)
8. **Taffy Hancock** (Australia)
9. **Otello Bellardinelli** (Italy)
10. **Honore Pratesi** (France)

This system permitted Loughran to practice the stab and the counter, the hook and the cross, but there was one drawback: There was nobody around to time the three-minute round.

Loughran obtained an hourglass used during that period to time the boiling of three-minute eggs. There was only one drawback: The sand in the hourglass measured off only two minutes and 50 seconds. Loughran put even this defect to use. He soon developed an acute sense of time; he could count off two minutes and 50 seconds in his mind.

Thus, when Loughran finally turned to boxing as a trade, he astounded older fight men with his ability to wind up in his corner at the end of each round. His opponent would have to cross the ring to get to his corner. Loughran always had the advantage of just sitting down right where he was when the round ended.

Loughran was a prime example of the Philadelphia school of boxing. The stem of this school cannot be traced, but it is believed that a British boxing master settled down in Philadelphia some years ago and set up a school of boxing.

When boxing was illegal in other states, it thrived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Two outstanding products of Philadelphia boxing, Jack Blackburn and Harry Lenny, figured prominently in the development of Joe Louis.

***

It was Blackburn who was hired by John Roxborough and Julian Black, Louis' first managers, to teach the powerpuncher from Detroit's Black Bottom the points of fending and punching. Blackburn had been a great lightweight in the days before he became enmeshed in a struggle with the law, and he imparted his knowledge to Louis. He taught the potential "Brown Bomber" how to slide and counter, how to hook and jab, how to cross the right.

Lenny figured in the development of Louis in the days before the Brown Bomber won the heavyweight championship by knocking out Jimmy Braddock in Chicago in 1937. There was consternation in Louis' camp before that fight lest he fall prey to Braddock's powerful rights. After all, Max Schmeling had exposed Louis as a sucker for the right. Lenny was brought into camp and spent days proving to Louis that anybody can get hit with a right. The smart 'un doesn't.

Braddock managed to hit Louis with just one right that night under the stars in Chicago. Thereafter, Louis won going away, finally scoring a knockout. He had been taught to fight.

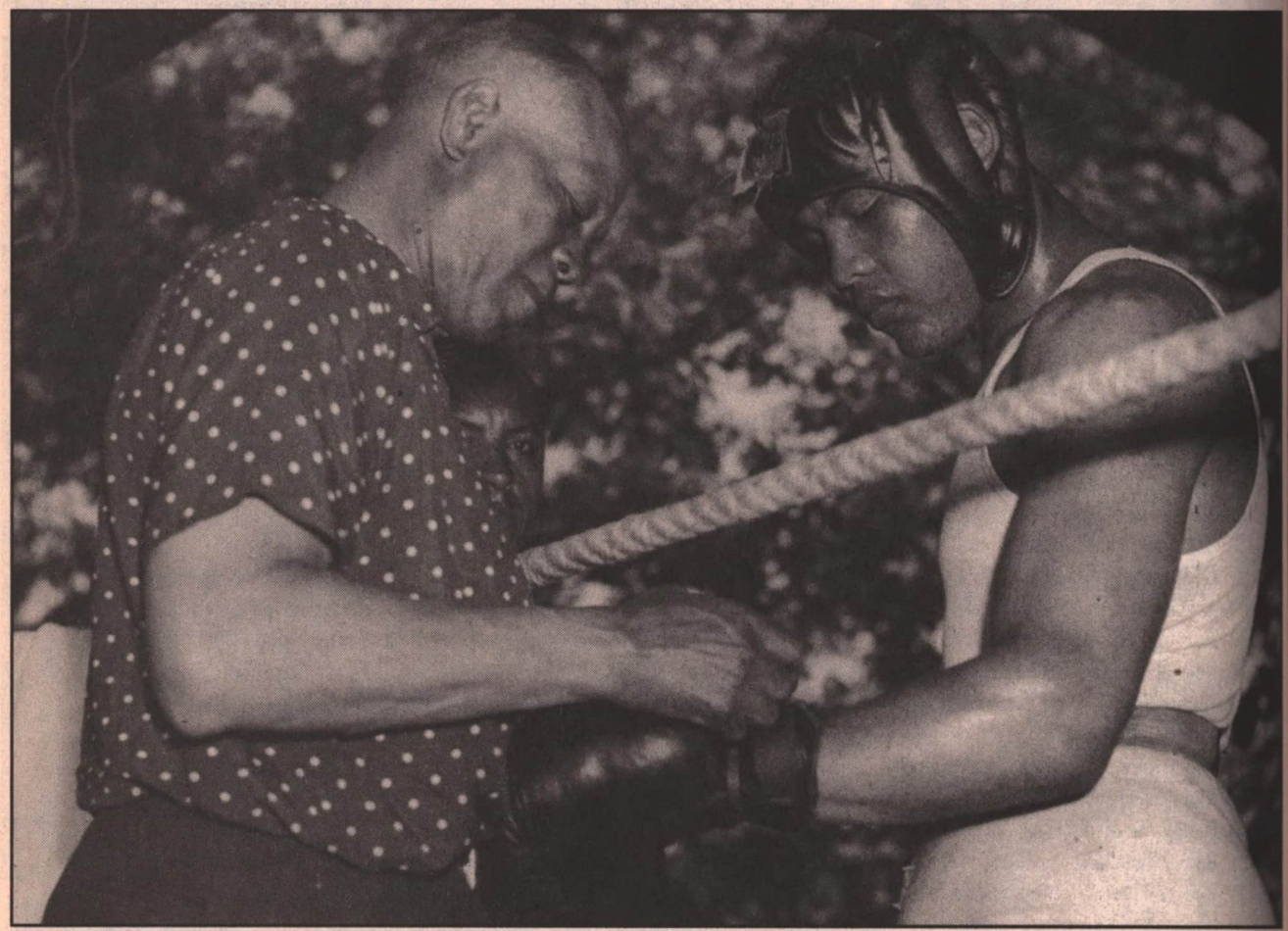
***

In the early days of the present century, Young Otto was the scourge of the lighter divisions. He was a great puncher, having knocked out 16 men in 16 minutes. He put together 45 one-round knockouts. Recently, I encountered Young Otto, or Arthur Susskind, at Madison Square Garden.

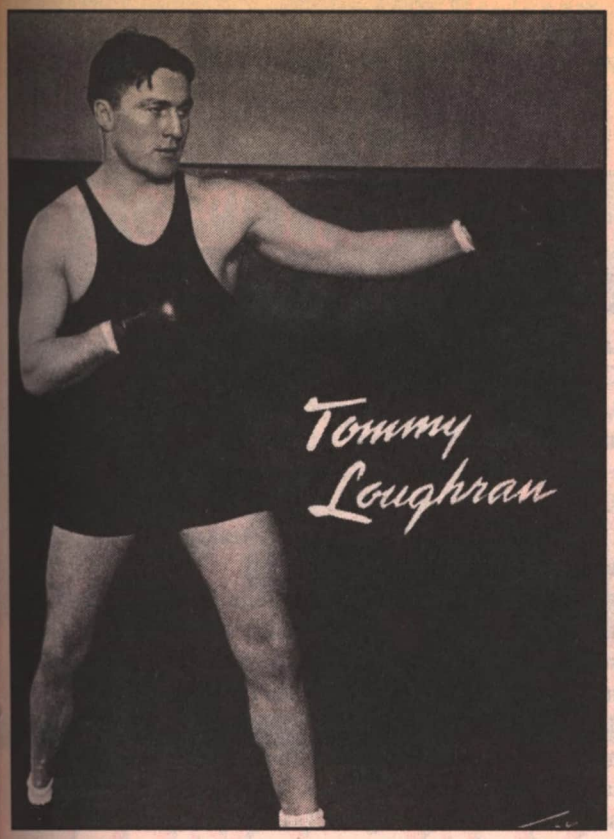
"What's the difference between the fighters now and the ones in your days?" I asked.

"Simple," he said. "We knew our trade."

"How come?"



Trainer Jack Blackburn, once a great lightweight, is credited with developing the considerable skills of arguably the greatest heavyweight ever, Joe Louis.



Light heavyweight legend Tommy Loughran trained at home with an hourglass used to time three-minute eggs. As a result, he developed an acute sense of timing; he always knew when a round was about to come to an end. When the round ended, he was already in his corner.

"Well," the great ex-puncher replied, "we wouldn't waste time in a gymnasium. We'd work and we'd learn. We would take on any guy in the gym. We didn't worry about styles. We worried about learning how to fight. We did our calisthenics before sparring. When we got into the ring to spar, we were tired. It was an effort to fight. And we learned."

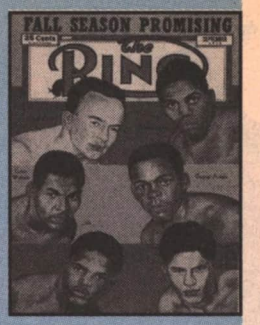
***

What Young Otto didn't say is that young fighters of reasonable skill aren't required to learn their craft these days. Managers consider mismatching a way out, always with a mind to gain the advantage. Marciano's recent bout with Savold is a case in point. It served no purpose beyond studding Marciano's record with another knockout.

Savold already had been knocked out by Louis, who had been drawn and quartered by Marciano in a demonstration of what happens to an old man who goes on a boy's errand. Yet the match was made. Marciano was so busy trying to get that knockout, he didn't learn a thing from the encounter. He simply was an ambitious young man, throwing leather to the winds. This will never do.

There is no shortcut to honest success in the ring. Some fighters have gained the top-rung because of the machinations of managers. These are not before the house today. They come up fast, and go down just as quickly. Sometimes they even die in combat. The ones who stay with history and are remembered in the minds of the old-timers who truly regard boxing as a sport are the ones who learn their trade. ■

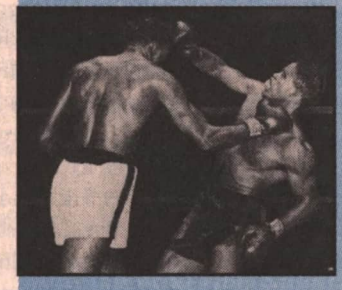
THE RING, September 1952



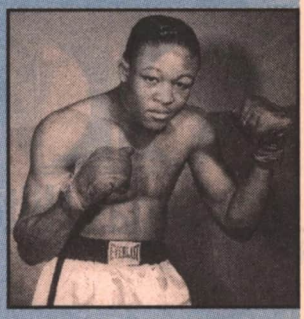
The Cover: The ring's fall season is promising, thanks largely to a host of talented contenders, including Chuck Davey, Johnny Saxton, Coley Wallace, George Araujo, Gil Turner, and Chico Vejar, all of whom are depicted by cover artist C.R. Schaare.

Too Hot To Handle: Editor and Publisher Nat Fleischer reports from ringside at Yankee Stadium, where light heavyweight champion Joey Maxim retains the title when the 104-degree heat kayos middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson. Ahead on points, the challenger is unable to answer the bell for the 14th round.

Heat And Defeat: In light of Maxim-Robinson, Daniel M. Daniel looks back at some of the famous fights contested in stifling heat. Among the title bouts: John L. Sullivan-Jake Kilrain, Joe Gans-Battling Nelson, Harry Jeffra-Spider Armstrong, and Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries (photo).



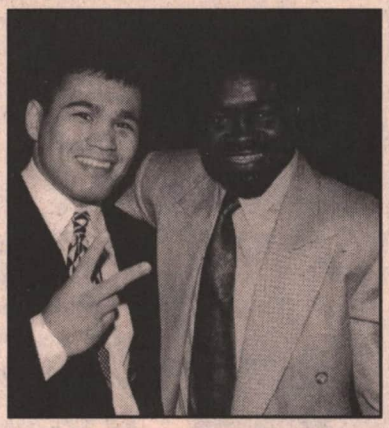
No Kidding From The Kid: Proving he's the best welterweight in the world, champion Kid Gavilan retains the title by halting Philadelphia's Gil Turner before a crowd of 39,025 at Municipal Stadium. As Nat Fleischer reports from ringside, it is an action fight all the way.



Fighter Of The Month: Welterweight champion Kid Gavilan is honored for his thrilling come-from-behind defense against Gil Turner. Gavilan has prospered from Sugar Ray Robinson's rise to middleweight. Others who received consideration: Joey Maxim, Lauro Salas, Ronnie Clayton, and Teddy Gardner.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood



For Leija and Nelson, twice wasn't enough

ZOOMING AZUMAH

Last month on this page we told you about a third fight between WBC super featherweight champion Azumah Nelson and Jeff Fenech. Well, forget it, it ain't gonna happen. Instead, the 37-year-old Nelson will meet former champion Jesse James Leija for a third time. The bout, to be televised on HBO, is scheduled for June 1 in Las Vegas.

(Check out "Looking Ahead" next month and you'll probably read that Leija's out and Nelson will instead be defending against a comebacking Willie Pep.)

In September 1993, Nelson and Leija fought to a draw. Eight months later, Leija floored the Ghanaian warrior en route to a convincing decision victory. Nelson is one of the greatest rematch fighters in history. His magic, however, didn't work on Leija.

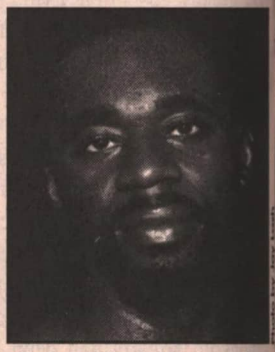
"I was aware of his rematch record," said Leija, "but I was determined that *I'd* be better the second time around. And I'm gonna be better the third time around, too."

Despite Nelson's performance in regaining the title from Gabe Ruelas, Leija will likely be favored. "I wasn't surprised Azumah beat Ruelas, because I think he's a better fighter," said Leija. "I think Nelson's a little faded because of his age, but he's still better than almost anyone else, regardless of age. We know each other so well, I don't think anyone has an advantage."

If Leija again beats Nelson, he'd like a rematch with Ruelas, who dethroned him in September 1994. "That fight was on my mind every day for eight months," he said. "It affected the way I slept, and I drove my wife crazy. He'll be at the top of my list."

LISTEN UP

On June 22, **Hector Camacho** and **Roberto Duran** will clash on pay-per-view. There'll be a familiar fighter on the undercard, none other than former heavyweight champion **Buster Douglas**, who hasn't fought in six years. Douglas, 36, will likely take on Chicago's **Tony LaRosa**. Trainer **John Russell** said he'd like Big Bus to come in under 250 pounds ... The light heavyweight division is barely alive, but looming are a trio of intriguing matchups. Look for IBF champion **Henry Maske** to defend against **William Guthrie**, WBA champion **Virgil Hill** to take on **Roy Jones**, and WBC champion **Fabrice Tiozzo** to tackle **Montell Griffin.** Jones will be favored over Hill, and we wouldn't be surprised if the challengers win all three of the title fights ... Sizzling junior middleweight **Winky Wright** is aiming for a shot at **Bronco McKart**, who seemed vulnerable in his win over **Santos Cardona**.



Guthrie: Headed for a matchup with Maske

Las Vegas Hilton

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Bernard Hopkins	John David Jackson	8-1	Hopkins in his prime, Jackson well past his
Oscar De La Hoya	Julio Cesar Chavez	2½-1	Great fight. Too much speed for Mexican legend
Nigel Benn	Steve Collins	8-5	Tough fight for both men
Azumah Nelson	James Leija	2½-1	They've apparently gone in different directions

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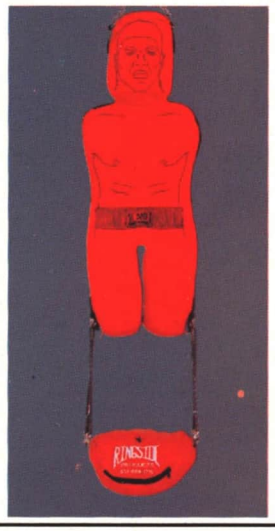

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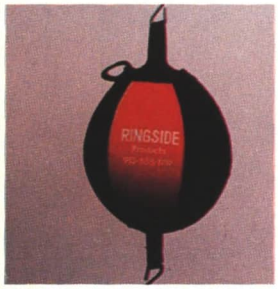

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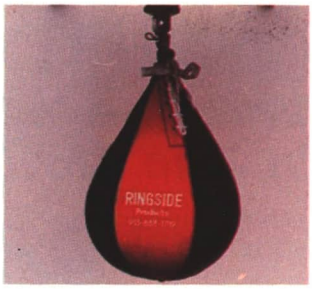

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